

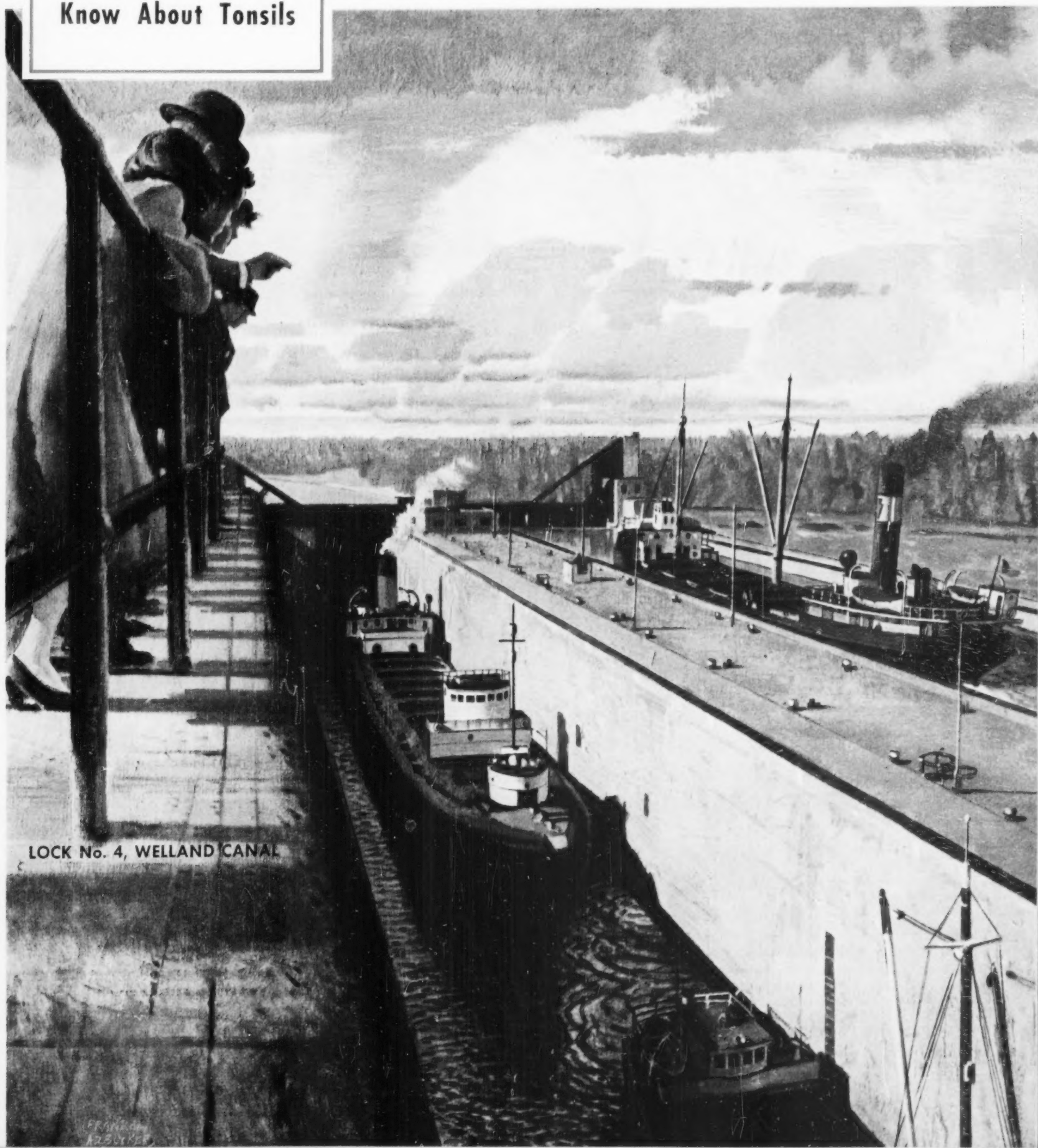
IGOR GOUZENKO

tells exactly how
he hides out in Canada

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MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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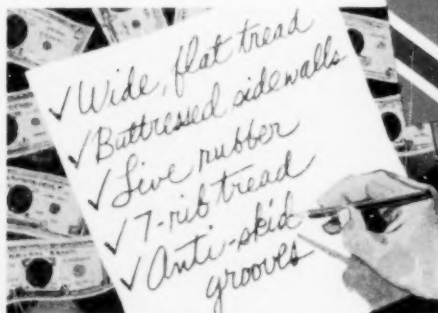
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EDITORIAL

STANDARDS OF LIVING AND STANDARDS OF LIFE

A Guest Editorial by Lionel Shapiro

LONDON

OXFORD Street, which runs between Marble Arch and Oxford Circus, is normally one of the world's busiest streets. During the Coronation period it was an artery choked so tight with traffic that nothing moved. Everything crawled, inch by inch. In addition to routine traffic there were hundreds of private automobiles. A minimum of thirty thousand sightseeing buses toured Oxford Street's Coronation route. Put together Yonge and St. Catherine Streets and Fifth Avenue at rush hour and you have some idea of the tie-up.

On an Oxford Street bus during that mad period a woman with a strong Lancashire accent asked, in the timorous manner of country folk, whether the bus stopped at Selfridge's department store.

The bus conductor stopped collecting fares and said, "Indeed, madam. If you get off at the next stop you'll find yourself just across the street from Selfridge's."

The woman from Lancashire fiddled nervously with her purse.

"What is it you're intending to buy at Selfridge's?" the conductor asked.

"Well—children's clothes. Things like that," the woman said.

When the bus finally stopped at Duke Street the conductor said, "Here we are, madam—this is your stop." He helped her off the bus, guided her along the sidewalk a few paces, then pointed out a side entrance of the huge department store. "If you go through that entrance," he said, "you'll find the lifts just to your right. Now go up to the third floor and you'll be smack in the middle of the children's department. And mind how you cross the street!"

Then he hopped on his bus and signaled the driver to move on.

To a North American accustomed to the swirl and sweat and ill-tempered impatience of our rush hours this little street vignette was a perfect example of existence in a country which, if it lacks the highest standard of living, certainly enjoys the highest standard of *life* in the world.

There is no headlong pursuit, no shouldering to one side of the slow and the timid. There is, instead, courtesy and patience and an abiding instinct to help the next person. Life may be slower but it is so much wiser and pleasanter.

Anyone who has lived in London (or in any other part of Britain) for any length of time will not be particularly warmed by this little incident. It is normal procedure. In the narrow streets of the Old Country the heavy traffic does not exact a toll of frayed nerves and bad humor. No horns constantly blast the air. Motorists don't curse out one another. Life moves on but not at the sacrifice of patience and a measure of kindness.

We North Americans like to poke fun at the British inclination to "queue up." We could profit greatly by acquiring a measure of this habit and the spirit that motivates it. We would reach home a little later but in better mood. We would live longer. And we would, perhaps, add to our standard of living that intangible standard of life which finds its highest form in the Old Country.

This intangible thing has a significance far wider than a question of traffic courtesy, far more important than miniscule acts of kindness. The tolerance that makes life in Britain so much easier on the nerves is merely a reflection of a deeply-founded wisdom about man's relationship to man. British diplomacy never shines brighter than in an edgy and explosive world. That same tolerance is the essence of difference between a settlement around a conference table and a settlement on the battlefield.

Unlike Britain, we are young and vigorous and rich. We also like to think we are wise. But time, the philosophers tell us, is wiser than any of us. And the Old Country has lived with time and has learned from it, and in this respect at least is far richer than we are. The bus conductor on Oxford Street mightn't have put it that way, but the man who is too much in a hurry to get to Marble Arch will probably never get to Utopia.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

UNLESS the camera lies, we have recently been presented with evidence that the readership of Maclean's spans a period of 102 years. Within the space of a few days we received photographs from two different readers attesting to this fact. One shows Gregg Mills, aged two, of Almonte, Ont., deeply absorbed in his copy of the magazine; the other shows Mrs. Susan Smith, aged 104, of Wallaceburg,

Ont., just as deeply absorbed in hers. We have a distinct feeling that both are interested in Beverley Baxter, but that's



Gregg Mills, aged 2.



Mrs. Susan Smith, aged 104, in Ottawa.

only a wild surmise on our part... Michael Sheldon, who wrote the very amusing short story, *The Two Millionth Customer of the Bank of Lower Canada*, on page 18, lives in Montreal and is a graduate of the banking business... Alan Phillips, who writes about Jasper (the park) on page 16, is a former employee of the National Film Board, and therefore an ex-colleague of James Simpkins, creator of Jasper (the bear). Both are currently living

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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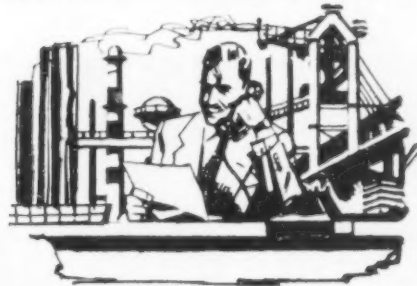
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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



The One Sour Note of the Coronation

LONDON IS itself again. Both the stands and the standards have disappeared, traffic is actually moving, the police have gone back to their normal task of hunting the criminal, parliament has risen for the long vacation and the Coronation belongs to history.

We still talk about those days of glory and almost unbroken rain but normal life is reasserting itself. Yet there is one subject that still divides friends and families. I refer to the gala Coronation production of Benjamin Britten's opera, *Gloriana*, performed at Covent Garden before the Queen and one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in London.

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast but the music of *Gloriana* and the row that followed has made more breasts savage than anything which has happened for a long time. Even the porters in the Covent Garden vegetable market will put down their baskets and argue about it.

Almost as soon as Elizabeth had become Queen, and with many months before the Coronation, there was a suggestion that Benjamin Britten, the most important of our young composers, should be commissioned to write a Coronation opera. The Arts Council, financed by the state, would bear the cost and the whole thing would be a glorious climax to the golden days and nights dedicated to the crowning of our sovereign.

There was no question of consulting such veterans as Sir Thomas Beecham who ruled Covent Garden in the old days. Nor would Sir Malcolm Sargent or Sir John Barbirolli be asked to help. For a young queen there must be a young composer, and certainly Benjamin Britten had claims that made him an almost automatic choice.

His first opera, *Peter Grimes*, had been played in almost every great opera house in the world. His second opera, *The Rape of Lucrece*, had won plaudits in many lands, and his third effort, *Billy Budd*, roused enthusiasm as well as controversy but marked him as a significant figure in the world of music.

And who is Mr. Britten? His father was a dentist in a seaside town. Unquestionably the sea stirred the creative impulse in the boy and he would walk for miles to enjoy the mystery, the cruelty, the beauty and the relentlessness of the restless waste of waters.

He was a shy boy with no love of games and little gift of companionship. His friends were few but his mind was peopled with strange sounds and vivid imaginings. So when he wrote his first opera it is small wonder that he chose the setting of a seaside town in the nineteenth century, with chattering magpies of women and a sullen lonely fisherman who returned one day in his boat to report that his boy assistant had been drowned. Every hand was against the sailor and every tongue lashed him like a whip. He would sit alone by the sea while the orchestra played strange haunting chords as if the dead boy was calling him to destruction.

That was eight years ago and I still remember the thrill and exasperation of the first performance. When the villagers shrieked at Peter Grimes the noise and the brutality of the music were almost unbearable. The theme was cruel, the setting was cruel, and the music was cruellest of all. Was Britten a composer without a heart or soul? Had he no sense of beauty or melody? Then there would come those haunting chords of the patient revengeful sea and we knew that we were in the presence of great ability which might develop into genius.

Britten hated the limelight and had no love of London society. Instead he looked like a tall, shy but opinionated schoolboy. Not unnaturally he became the idol of the young extremists in all forms of art. Here was the new man to lead the cubists, the surrealists, the modernists, the rebels, the emancipated school which proclaimed the arrogant philosophy that the highest form of truth was ugliness.

His closest friend was Peter Pears, a

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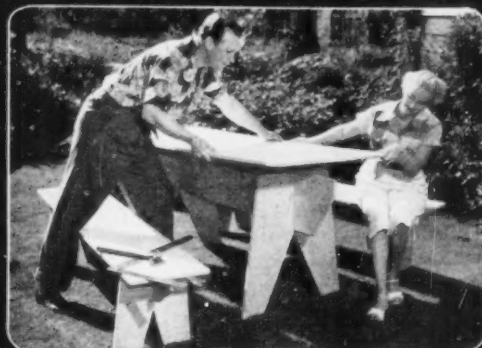
Britten (left) and Pears with the bizarre opera that shook London.

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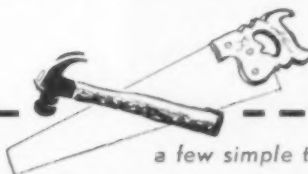
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

When Bribery Was Smart

HAVE YOU ever wondered why one parliamentary speech is so much like another? I got a clue to the answer when, one morning in the dog days of midsummer, I dropped in to gaze around at the empty shelves of the Parliamentary Library.

The library is being taken apart and put together again to make it fireproof. More than half of its million volumes are stacked in five floors of the Supreme Court Building. The rest are in packing cases in the rat-infested old mill which until lately housed the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

All that is left on Parliament Hill is a reference library of fifteen thousand volumes comprising the books which members of parliament need most and take out most often. Most of them, of course, are the serried ranks of Hansard and the Revised Statutes. But I was fascinated to discover, in one still-uncleared alcove, several shelves of aids to parliamentary speechmaking.

Fifty volumes, for example, contain the speeches made before the Empire Club of Toronto ever since 1903. Speeches to the Toronto Canadian Club are preserved back to 1912. But perhaps the most useful of all to parliamentary debaters are the twenty-five or thirty volumes of the University Debaters Annual.

This valuable handbook contains a summary of all the debating among a group of American colleges since 1923. There, in a convenient capsule, you can find both the affirmative and the negative case on every public question of the past thirty years—from Unemployment Insurance and The Legal Status of Strikes, in 1923, up to Outlawing the Communist

Party and The Welfare State, last year.

As a labor-saving device the University Debaters Annual ranks with the electric dishwasher and the garbage disposal unit. Its only drawback is the one I mentioned at the outset—the material it supplies is the same for all speakers. However, we can't have everything.

SPEECHES may remain the same but at least elections have changed. Politicians and voters, recovering from the campaign that ended Aug. 10, can both be grateful.

In 1867, the voting in the first general election in the new Dominion of Canada lasted not one day but six weeks—about as long as the whole campaign lasts now. Professor Norman Ward of the University of Saskatchewan in his excellent book, *The Canadian House of Commons*, recalls that Sir John A. Macdonald and his Conservatives mapped out an election strategy of "picking the soft spots first, and working their way cautiously to the hard ones."

In that election each province followed the electoral law it had had before Confederation, and only Nova Scotia had required simultaneous voting. In the other three provinces the election moved from riding to riding as the authorities might decide.

In Quebec and Ontario, moreover, each "election day" was forty-eight hours long and the law required that the total vote be added up and published at the end of each day of voting. Thus it was possible, at half time, for the trailing party to know precisely how many votes it had to pick up the next day in order to win. When the

Continued on page 62



Cartoon by Grassick



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Blair Fraser keeps a rendezvous with

Igor Gouzenko

Maclean's Ottawa editor meets the Russian Embassy clerk who broke a spy ring and has since hidden out under assumed names that only the RCMP knows. While keeping one jump ahead of Kremlin vengeance he has written a novel that may bolster his sagging fortunes

NOT MORE than a dozen people know where Igor Gouzenko lives, or under what name, and I am not one of them. Neither are his publishers, J. M. Dent and Sons (Canada) Ltd., of Toronto. To communicate with Gouzenko they write in care of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, who deliver his mail to him by courier.

Ever since Sept. 1945, when the then Russian cipher clerk laid before the RCMP a hundred and nine secret Soviet documents which exposed a Communist spy ring in Canada, Gouzenko has been in hiding—as he will be for the rest of his life. The Soviet secret police have a long arm, and no man living has so grievously affronted them as Igor Gouzenko.

They don't know it, but he is about to affront them again, this time by exposing not what the Kremlin is trying to do in this country but what it is actually doing at home. Gouzenko has written a three-hundred-thousand-word novel of life inside Soviet Russia. It is probably the only creative work extant which tells what the USSR is like to its own citizens. No one inside Russia could write such a

book and survive. No one else has yet escaped who has had the necessary literary talent. If the book is as successful as Gouzenko's publishers hope he will swing up to another high point in a roller-coaster career. Eight years ago he was a nobody, an obscure little cipher clerk in the Soviet Embassy who lived with his wife in a small flat in Ottawa. Seven years ago he was world-famous—the man who exposed the Russian espionage system. Six years ago he was rich, having got a small fortune for publication and film rights to a ghost-written book that bore his name. By now he is more than half forgotten and the small fortune a good deal more than half spent.

But the Soviet secret police have not forgotten him. Igor Gouzenko, who broke out of a prisonlike existence in the Russian foreign service to become a citizen of a free country, is not and cannot be as free as his fellow Canadian citizens.

He has lived in six different dwellings during the eight years under at least two false names. His own children do not know their real name and probably never will. Because of the children he cannot now change his identity again. They are ten and eight, too old to be told without explanation

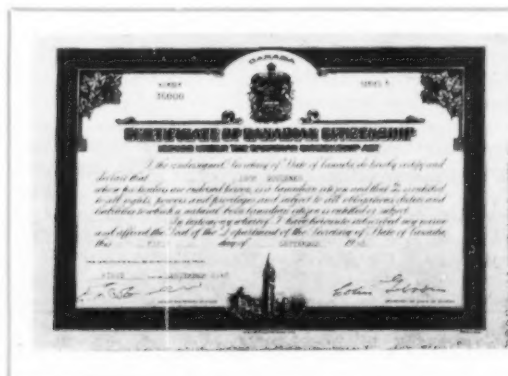
(as they were told a few years ago) that they and Daddy and Mummie all had a new name now. "We don't like our old name," their father told them.

Each of Gouzenko's new identities was chosen with great care. He was supplied with a new country of origin to explain his still heavy foreign accent. In each case it had to be a country from which few immigrants have come to Canada and none at all to the district where Gouzenko was to live. He received not only all the necessary papers—passport, birth certificates for himself and his wife and children—but also a skilfully concocted biography which he memorized. All its details correspond with Gouzenko's present age, skills, aptitudes and general situation.

Those who know they are meeting Igor Gouzenko are not, of course, told any of his new names. When they are introduced to him, as I was in Toronto a few weeks ago, they meet a Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown was waiting for us at the home of C. J. Eustace of the Dent publishing firm, but I didn't know that when I set out. My appointment was with Eustace at his

Continued on page 48



ONE reward to Gouzenko for revealing the atom-bomb spy ring was Canadian Citizenship No. 36,000. At right: first pictures of Gouzenko's secret hobby — a portrait of RCMP Insp. Herbert Spanton and a water color of an ornate Russian building.





THE DANGEROUS L

*Vigorous disagreement is healthy. But — with unity
their only hope, men of good will on both
sides of the Atlantic are taking
their lives in their hands by exercising the
inalienable right to misunderstand
and dislike each other*

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

Drawings by **PETER WHALLEY**

LONDON

PROBABLY the most important and certainly the most terrifying fact in the free world today is not Russia's strength, Europe's weakness nor anything that can be measured in statistics.

It is the dry rot—an intangible process within the minds of nameless millions—steadily undermining the friendship of the old world and the new, on which the fate of both must hang.

Among Europeans this phenomenon is called anti-Americanism, among Americans gross ingratitude. It is much more complicated than simple prejudice. It is, in fact, a kind of psychic disease which, unless cured, could some day prove mortal, thereby confirming the prognosis of that distinguished political physician, the late Joseph Stalin.

In Europe and especially in Britain the quiet but bitter resentment against American policies and, worse, against American people, is so deep and has grown so fast of late that statesmen hardly dare to discuss it in public and try to mask it with speeches and postures.

This well-meaning conspiracy of concealment clearly is failing. Among the little people who in the end will decide everything, the United States' moral leadership of the free world, the only kind of leadership that can possibly succeed, is in danger of collapse at its beginning.

In seven thousand miles of travel by automobile through the eight major nations of Western Europe I heard over and over the same dismal recital—the Americans are ill-mannered and blundering children, their civilization is a combination of wealth, corruption, Coca-Cola and Senator McCarthy, their government is probably leading the world to war. I met only one man, an English politician too eminent to be identified, who had a word of gratitude to say for the United States.

"The Americans," said he, "saved us from Germany in two wars. I'm convinced they will save us from Russia by preventing a third. And meanwhile they have saved us from bankruptcy."

Europe, blind in its ingratitude, has yet to grasp that simple truth. And the Americans in their misjudgment of all foreigners have yet to grasp the first facts of Europe's life.

The relations between the British and American peoples are, of course, the crux of the problem as they must be the foundation of peace. Those relations are deteriorating because they are approached on the primary illusion that the two peoples are spiritually alike, compatible by nature and brothers under the skin. Actually, their superficial resemblance is the chief cause of their incompatibility because it raises false expectations, ending in irritation and resentment.

"Most of our troubles with the Americans," said a wise old don at Cambridge, "stem from the awful barrier of a common language. Since they speak the same language the British and Americans expect each other to be the same sort of people. When they turn out to be utterly different both are disappointed and angered, as if the other fellow had somehow let them down. An Englishman isn't disturbed when a Frenchman eats snails or keeps a mistress. That is the French way. But when the American chews gum, dresses oddly, uses a queer accent or starts a fight in a pub we find it inexcus-

WHY CAN'T ENGLISH AND AMERICANS GET ON . . .

S LUXURY OF HATING AMERICA

able because it isn't British. And the Americans feel the same way about us."

When the average American talks about Britain he is thinking of an imaginary land and people that never existed and never will. When the Briton thinks about the United States he usually pictures a revolting travesty provided by the criminal cunning of the American movie makers, by Senator McCarthy (who has done more harm to trans-Atlantic friendship than anyone since George III) and by Britain's shoddy mass-circulation press, which ignores American life to lavish its space on the adulteries of Hollywood, the witch hunts of Congress and the night life of New York.

In all this tragedy of errors the Canadian occupies a special position, privileged but often uncomfortable. Both sides will talk to him as they will never talk to each other. The Englishman usually supposes that the Canadian is either an exiled Englishman or a rather superior American not beyond saving. The American regards the Canadian as just another North American, artificially separated from God's Country by a rather absurd line on a map.

Neither of our friends, while admiring our economic progress, has begun to understand the paramount fact of Canadian life — that we too are a separate breed and growing more distinct, more Canadian, every day.

It is thus amazing and embarrassing to a Canadian when the Englishman suddenly removes his armor, relaxes the stiff upper lip and confesses his horror of Americans, or the American takes down his hair and admits that the English simply baffle him.

These troubles have three current points of friction: The American's total inability to understand foreigners and his careless manners once he leaves his own country; Europe's painful adjustment to a secondary role in world power, and Europe's fear that American power will be misused, at best by stupidity, at worst by malice.

Bad Blood in Traffic Jams

American manners, the least significant factor in this equation of discord, loom largest in the mind of the ordinary European. Quite wrongly, he judges American civilization by its manners, or rather he judges a nation of one hundred and fifty million people by the behavior of a handful. He cannot penetrate the brassy façade of fictional American life to see the hard-working, hospitable and great-hearted people of America.

The habits of American soldiery in Europe are as familiar as they are exaggerated—the oldest story of war, conquest and occupation. You can guess the dimensions of this problem when you find the sleepy old town of Heidelberg, the haunt of Goethe and the Student Prince, so jammed with American army trucks and generals' limousines that at 6 p.m. the traffic halted dead for fifteen minutes at a time and I drove seven blocks in a full hour. Here was a massive physical friction and beneath it a much deeper friction in the minds of the conquerors and the conquered.

In a wine garden beside Goethe's river a former captain of artillery told me that the British Army was brave and always "correct" (his highest adjective of praise), and the Americans, though fearless, knew nothing of discipline. Unbuttoning his collar, laying his feet on the table and hoisting a bottle to his lips, he gave an admiring crowd an imitation of an American soldier in the presence of a general: "Hi, general, how's the boy?" In the German Army, said the former Nazi, a soldier would not be shot for such an offense. He would be sent to a lunatic asylum as obviously insane.

"The Americans are children." I heard that phrase in eight countries and more towns than I can remember. "But in time," added a genial Roman professor, "they will grow up and learn. They will learn how to live, how to enjoy themselves instead of dying of a cardiac condition at fifty. They'll learn that there's more in living than money."

This, mind you, from the citizen of a country which has not yet learned to live on its own resources, which could hardly survive without the money of those hard-working adolescents, the taxpayers of the United States.

Yes, and as the professor and I chatted on the main street of Rome some hundreds of Italian youths, who presumably knew how to live, were conducting their nightly riot, the Fascists and Communists screaming, gesticulating and frothing like madmen, chin to chin. No one objected to their manners because they were Italians. An American soldier with a drink too many is taken to represent the historic barbarism of his race. In Naples a hotelkeeper clumsily parodied for me, in what he supposed to be a Yankee accent, an American calling for another bottle when any sensible European would be satisfied with a single glass of wine. Yet the only Americans in the room were drinking Coke in a corner with all the symptoms of homesickness.

In Cambridge an English airman who kindly took me punting on the Cam said he was happy because he had just escaped from an airdrome in East

Anglia where English and Americans were stationed together. The Americans, he explained, were poor types when drunk. But, I asked, what were they like when sober. In his crisp English style he said he didn't know because he had never seen them, off duty, in that condition.

Now, this was a palpable lie, a lie so often repeated as to become a joke, a myth, an outrage.

The wife of an English officer in Berlin told me, and undoubtedly believed, that the American occupation forces had bought up for a song from hungry Germans all the best art treasures and household furniture in the city.

A chauffeur in Bonn, a German major captured in North Africa and imprisoned in Kansas, told me that the Americans were good people who had treated him "correctly." But he intends to emigrate to Canada for lately he had been hearing terrible things about the United States. He is not likely to hear anything else in Europe.

Continued on page 26



... WHEN THEY'RE REALLY SO MUCH ALIKE?

June Callwood spends A DAY IN AN ANGLICAN CONVENT



Mother Superior, formerly Sister Aquila, is the elected leader of Sisters of St. John the Divine.

At 6.30 each morning the Sisters kneel in their unfinished chapel for the first of the seven daily periods of prayer. An Anglican priest visits to hold Communion.



PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

Elections, wars and World Series don't penetrate the remote tranquillity of the Sisters of St. John the Divine who work and pray from dawn till dark just a few yards off Canada's busiest street

AT THE CONVENT of St. John the Divine, one of the country's two Anglican convents, the day begins at a quarter to six. It is a bright morning in late summer and a nun, called the Vigilant, glides silently down the long pink corridors of the new building where the Sisters sleep. She pushes open each door a few inches and calls, "Let us bless the Lord." A sleepy voice inside answers, "Blessed is the name of the Lord, now and ever and from ages to ages." Both nuns breathe "Amen," and the Vigilant passes on to the next door.

Outside the yellow brick walls of the dormitory where the nuns now are beginning to dress is the quiet of the deep country, although the convent is well inside the northern boundaries of Toronto's new metropolitan area. It is too early for anyone to be awake in the neat bungalows that fringe the convent grounds beyond a high board fence. Traffic noises from Yonge Street, only a few hundred yards away, never penetrate the convent garden.

All through the day delivery trucks, tourists with boats lashed to trailers, and busloads of suburban shoppers will pass the convent entrance, an unmarked rutted lane off one of the busiest thoroughfares

in Canada. At night the traffic will be swifter, salesmen speeding in dusty cars, couples on their way home from movies and giant diesel transports trailing a stench of blue smoke. None of this ever disturbs the peace of the convent where thirty women are living out their lives in prayer.

The convent is a queerly matched building, half a gracious old country home and half a three-months-old dormitory of bright yellow brick. The Sisters call themselves English Catholics, or very high Church of England. They represent an almost unknown minority in Canada where there are more than three hundred orders of Roman Catholic nuns. The Sisters of St. John the Divine have the distinction of being the only Protestant order founded in Canada; the other order, Sisters of the Church, has its headquarters or mother house in England.

This morning, as every morning, the nuns allow themselves forty-five minutes to dress because the habit is clumsy to get into. They wear simple cotton knit underwear, black silk stockings and rubber-heeled black oxfords. Some of the heavier Sisters wear corsets. Over a loose black slip goes the heavy black gown, a wool mixture in the winter and a silky texture in the summer. The gown is bound at the waist by a black silk rope with three heavy knots in the end that swings free. These symbolize the three vows of the Sisters: poverty, chastity and obedience.

The oblong piece of black cloth worn over the habit is also symbolic; it is the scapular, or yoke, whose meaning is found in the words "Take My yoke upon you and learn with Me." A stiffly starched high white collar with a deep bib goes on next and then a black cord from which hangs a black cross bound with silver. The nuns don't shave their heads, as some orders do, but keep it cut short enough to be concealed by the white cap which fits close above their eyebrows, fastens under the chin and is held snug against the cheeks with elastic. The veil goes on last.

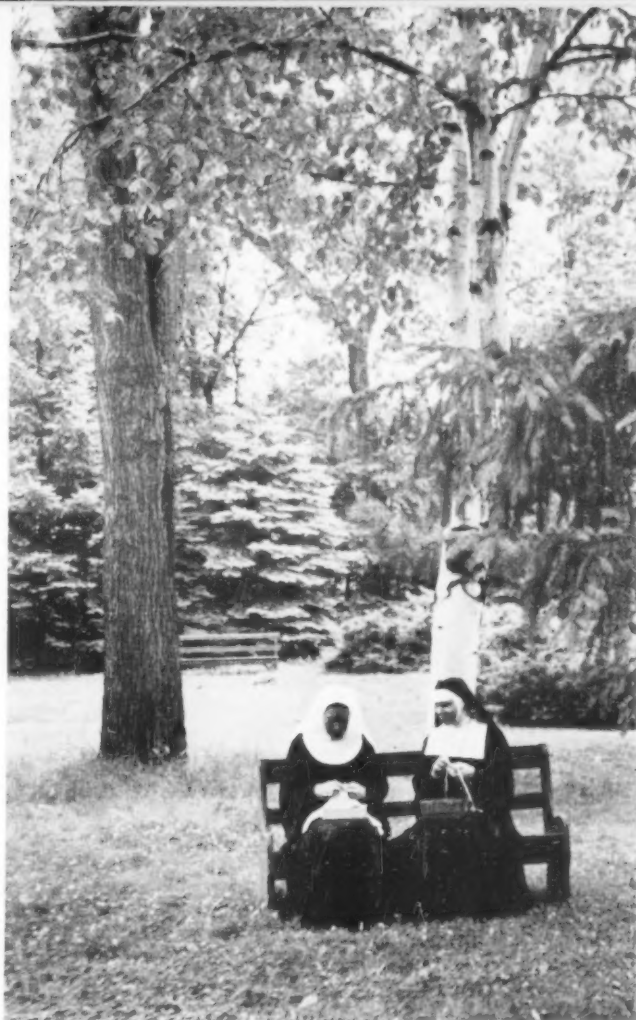
The narrow bedrooms in which they dress are called "cells," not because they resemble a prison as they do in cloistered orders but as a derivation of the French word *ciel*, which means heaven. The Rule of Life by which the Sisters live states that a cell is "a place where a Sister dwells alone with God." All the cells are alike with pale green walls, pink and beige Marbolemum floors, a narrow metal cot with an inner-spring mattress and two pillows, a white counterpane, a chest of drawers painted pink, a chair, a small closet, a prayer book stand, one religious picture and a crucifix on the wall.

Dressed, the nuns hurry silently to the chapel for a few minutes of private meditation before the first of the day's seven periods of prayer begins at six-thirty. On the way they nod to one another but do not exchange a word. They are in the period of Greater Silence from nine at night until nine in the morning.

At present the Sisters are apologetic about their chapel. Their previous convent, from which they moved a few weeks ago, had a magnificent chapel paneled in quarter-cut oak with Gothic scrolls,



The young novice (right) studies three years before admittance to the Sisterhood. Novice Mistress Sister Barbara guides her study.



Busy with needles even in their rest period the Sisters enjoy the quiet garden, oblivious to nearby Yonge Street's endless traffic.

handsome figures in engraved shrines and a glowing stained-glass window. Through lack of funds no chapel has yet been built in the new mother house, and the Sisters worship in a plain square room that used to be a drawing-room. The altar is simply a long table draped in fine linen and satin brocade encrusted with embroidery. The nuns enter the chapel with their eyes down, genuflect toward the altar and fall to their knees in the pews, making the sign of the cross. With their eyes closed in prayer, their faces take on an ethereal beauty.

The sound of chimes outside the hushed room signals the beginning of the first prayers of the day. The nuns on either side of the chapel alternate in reading verses from the Bible in a lulling rhythm of sweet, high voices.

"The Lord is my shepherd . . . therefore can I lack nothing."

"He shall feed me in green pastures . . . and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort."

Now there is a small pause while some of the nuns slip out to start breakfast. The gentle-faced Sisters move about these tasks sedately, their flowing skirts and veils fluttering as they walk. When they speak later in the day their voices are soft and fragile and in repose their faces have an expression of sweet passiveness. In the convent they read no newspapers, hear no radios, know no music except the sound of their own voices singing their prayers, have looked at television just once and have seen but one movie (a religious short subject) in thirty years. They never telephone friends or relatives for a casual conversation. Traffic terrifies them, airplane travel seems daring, modern homes look cold and modern clothes wild. Only a few, perhaps five nuns at the most, can name the present prime minister of Canada. None ever votes.

This withdrawal is not true of all the nuns of St. John the Divine. Most of the seventy Sisters of the order live outside their Toronto mother house—nursing Sisters at St. John's Convalescent Hospital north of Toronto, teaching Sisters at Qu'Appelle Diocesan School in Regina, Sisters engaged in such works of mercy as a refuge for unmarried mothers in Edmonton, slum work in Montreal, a home for aged women in Toronto and the training of helpless mentally retarded children in Aurora, Ont. Apart from the strong religious side of their lives these "outside" Sisters are as much a part of a normal world as any busy nurse, teacher or social worker. At Aurora, for example, they run a farm and face the secular problem of the milk and beef prices; at Bracebridge, Ont., they battle apathy in their efforts to teach the Gospel to children on outlying farms; in Regina they must make such temporal decisions as which teen-ager

STORY AND PICTURES CONTINUED NEXT PAGE ►

In Their Own Secluded World The Humble Sisters Are Never Idle



LAUNDRY

Sister Lucina wields an iron in convent laundry where stiffly starched collars, caps and bibs need an expert's touch.



BOOKBINDERY

Sister Mary Ruth is the convent's bookbinder. A library of ten thousand includes Jane Austen, Dickens, Leacock.



EMBROIDERY

Making church vestments is a convent "industry." An altar drape such as Sister Joanna fashions takes months.



BAKERY

Sisters May and Joyce roll out crisp loaves of altar bread. Convent receives orders from the Anglican churches.



GARDEN

Sister Mary Ruth helps in the convent garden. On an Aurora, Ont., farm the Sisters raise beef and dairy cattle.

is most likely responsible for the cake crumbs in the dormitory.

But the lives of the nuns who live in the mother house just off Yonge Street at the junction of Highways 11 and 400 offer a contrast. The atmosphere of the convent is so tranquil, so still that the songs of the birds sound raucous and the rustle of the trees in the wind seems hearty and coarse. In the big garden in front of the old house a child never cries, a voice never scolds, a man never laughs. The silence becomes a physical force and visitors tiptoe across the flagstone terrace.

In the small crowded chapel a Church of England priest has arrived from the city to hold Communion, a ritual as old as Christianity. The service seems but little removed from Roman Catholic ritual: the priest speaks in English instead of Latin, there are no images of the Virgin Mary, the nuns wear no rosaries—these are the only superficial differences. Essentially the Roman Catholics differ from the English Catholics in loyalty to the Pope; many Anglicans are doubtful of nuns and monks



Meals are simple and everyone helps. Mother Superior serves stew, Sister Esther pours milk, Sister Barbara spoons vegetables. Nuns eat in silence.

in their church; in Oshawa, Ont., the Sisters of St. John the Divine were denounced some years ago for their "Popish ways."

After Communion the nuns have their breakfast in a big pastel-green refectory where bare trestle tables have been set with pitchers of milk, bowls of cereal and platters of whole oranges. The Mother Superior, the former Sister Aquila, leads in a lengthy grace and the nuns sit down to eat in silence. No one speaks at mealtime at the convent, except on such special occasions as Christmas. Sisters who serve the convent's strong tea incline their heads and point to a half empty cup; they are answered with a nod or a shake of the head. A nudge and mouthing the word silently indicates "Please pass the butter."

After breakfast they return to their cells to make their beds and tidy the room. They still do not speak; a lift of the eyebrows means "Have you finished with the mop?" When the cells are clean, the Sisters return to the chapel for a half hour's meditation. On fine days like this one they walk in the garden, their heads down, their eyes thoughtful. This meditation was organized the evening before when the Sisters chose some selection from the Bible or a paragraph from a collection of subjects for meditation.

Now a bell summons the Sisters to chapel for two more offices of prayer. These end just before ten o'clock and the nuns form a circle in the common room for their daily conference, at which they will speak their first words of the day, apart from their prayers. The Mother conducts the conference, at which the Sisters have an opportunity of asking the Mother's permission to purchase thread in Toronto or to speak to another Sister about a laundry problem. Through the day the nuns will not exchange visits; the conference and a recreation period after supper are the only times in the day the Sisters in the kitchen, for example, have an opportunity to speak to the Sisters in the sewing room.

At ten o'clock the working day begins. The nuns who work in the kitchen pin up their wide black sleeves and tie a blue cotton duster over their habits. The large kitchen in the old house is painted white and has stainless-steel sinks, a picture window and two electric stoves. One of the nuns pops a ten-pound roast into the newer of the two ovens, the one with a crucifix hanging above it. Sister Mary Ruth, a tiny stooped nun with a straw hat clapped over her veil, is already in the garden weeding petunias. Sister Philippa, who became a nun only a few months ago, wears a duster to protect her habit in the library where she is sorting and classifying the convent's ten thousand books, most of them

theological. The small secular section is already arranged—Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, E. Pauline Johnson, and John Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The convent has two profit-making industries, altar-bread baking and church embroidery. The bakery in the basement of the new wing supplies most of the wafers used in Holy Communion by the Church of England in Canada. The wafers are packed in airtight metal containers which will keep them fresh for two years. A minister in Jamaica once horrified the Sisters when he cheerfully reported the holy bread was still in good condition after four years.

The embroidery room is in the old house, a wide cool room where two Sisters sew in rarely broken silence. They work steadily but unhurriedly on a backlog of orders for vestments and altar drapes that will take them years to fill.

Occasionally Sister Joanna must go to Toronto to purchase thread or linen in a department store. She is filled with wonder at the strange merchandise and recklessly rides the escalators, which many of the Sisters are afraid to do. In the twenty years since she became a nun, Sister Joanna has observed some distressing changes in the world, the modern trend to paint the walls of a room in contrasting colors, the number of lights that flash off and on outside stores, mechanical household appliances that mystify her. "I am out of place in the world now," she once remarked in her wispy voice. "I am always so glad to get back to the convent." She was astonished to hear recently from a visitor that Canada was in the midst of an election campaign. "I suppose they talk about things like that, in the world," she observes gently.

"We live in the world, but apart from it," explains Sister Francesca, a tiny voluble nun who has been a schoolteacher most of her adult life. "We are specialists in spiritual development, so it is not our duty to keep abreast of the world."

"Of course," she adds, her head cocked to one side, like a bird, "as a teacher I feel that I must keep up with current events."

Does the Sister then know about influences like McCarthy?

"McCarthy?" she answers brightly. "You mean Justin M'Carthy, the historian . . ."

For many years when Sister Christabel was convent librarian she



Sister Mary Barbara's skilled fingers work on a church vestment. Convent's orders will keep nuns busy for years.

read the *Toronto Globe and Mail* every morning. It was from her that the Sisters learned, during their recreation period, of the atomic bomb. She also searched for subjects for prayer in the newspaper and every day drew up a list of disasters which deserved the nuns' supplication. Tiny shriveled nuns of eighty and tall beautiful black-browed nuns of thirty prayed earnestly for famine sufferers in China, for the Boyd gang, for Winnipeg flood victims and for the Rosenbergs.

"We can't give anything in the way of material aid," a nun explains. "We do what we can: we pray. It does help, you know."

The nuns, who number poverty among their vows, decided several months ago that they could no longer afford a newspaper. The convent is sparsely supported by the interest from an endowment fund frugally nourished by occasional legacies, by voluntary donations and by profits from the altar-bread bakery and the sewing rooms. In addition the mother house receives a grant for nuns who nurse or teach school. The diocese of Qu'Appelle, for example, pays one hundred and fifty dollars a year for each teaching Sister.

At noon, the close of the morning work period, another period of silence envelops the convent. For the next three hours the nuns will not speak except to pray, to answer the telephone or to deliver an urgent message. This is known as the period of Lesser Silence, in memory of the three hours of darkness and desolation Christ spent on the cross.

The nuns have their dinner at one. The Mother Superior dishes up the main course which may be fish or eggs on Fridays, slices of roast other days, plus potatoes, another vegetable and gravy. Dessert usually is a pudding. The nuns read religious works during dinner and the refectory is as silent as a library.

After dinner the nuns return to the chapel. Though the hot July sunlight pours straight down they appear cool and composed. They are often asked if the habit isn't stifling in the summer and they invariably answer that they believe it to be cooler than ordinary clothing because the sun cannot penetrate it. Chapel is followed by a rest period of a half hour or so. Some Sisters lie on their beds, a few sit in the garden writing letters or doing some of the required

Continued on page 60



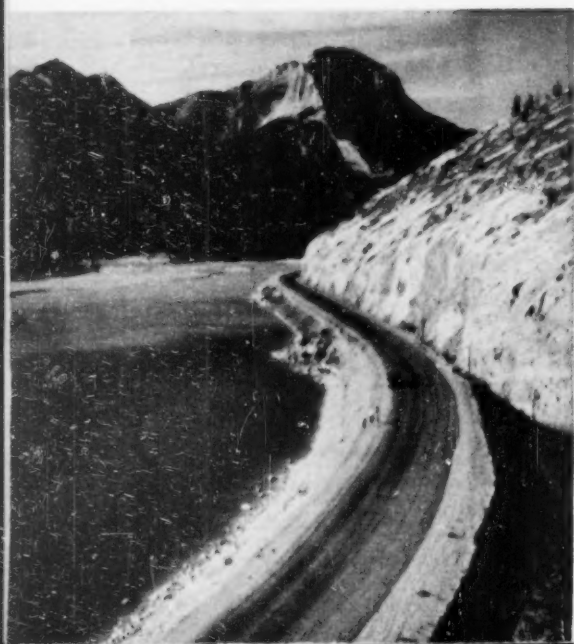
Laughter is infectious as Mother Superior reads aloud during recreation period just before early bedtime. All lights are out in the convent by 9.30.



Jasper's ready-made scenery and human local color lure movie-makers like MGM's Mervyn LeRoy who is reshooting the Mountie classic, *Rose Marie*.

JASPER

Belongs to the Bears



Heavy rains sometimes wash out the Jasper highway so timid tourists scurry home when clouds appear.

Millionaires, movie stars and tourists can rent a week end or a summer of sparkling Rocky Mountain air, outdoor sport and superb scenery, but there's never any doubt about the identity of the real owners

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By ALAN PHILLIPS

WHEN THE west was wild and the only way to cross the continent was up the Athabaska River and over the Great Divide, weary travelers sighed with relief when Jasper's house finally came in sight. Jasper Hawes was a big fair-haired factor of the Northwest Company and his one-roomed shack was the only habitation in a long day's journey. Jasper and his Indian wife made them all welcome — trappers, venturesome noblemen, explorers and missionaries. For supper there was brook trout, whole barbecued lynx and sizzling buffalo steaks; and for a bed, a grizzly-bear pelt.

Jasper Hawes vanished mysteriously more than a hundred and forty years ago. But his name and his reputation for hospitality are still the valley's chief assets. Jasper's house became Jasper House and grew into the town of Jasper, Alta. Nearby the Canadian National Railways built a unique luxury resort: an alpine village of sixty peeled-log bungalows clustered about a main building called Jasper Park Lodge. The specialty of the house is still buffalo steak (when they can get it) and the CNR insists there's still only one way to cross the continent: via the Athabaska, unchanged from the days of Jasper Hawes.

This year Jasper Park Lodge has a new look. The old main building, one of the biggest log cabins in the world, burned to the ground last year. The embers were scarcely cold before CNR architects had produced the drawings for a handsome new fieldstone (and fireproof) structure. They had it ready for tourists by June 10 when the season opened — a long low building with a gabled cedar roof that carefully preserves the informal Jasper atmosphere.

This atmosphere is in large part due to Jasper's permanent residents — the animals. The Lodge stands in the centre of forty-two hundred square miles of unspoiled mountain scenery which is Jasper National Park. Sometimes described as "twenty Switzerlands rolled into one," it's the largest game preserve on the continent, a highland kingdom beneficently ruled by Park Superintendent Harry Dempster, an even-tempered engineer who, however, frowns on his residents, mingling with the tourists. But the tourists think the animals are just too cute, and the animals think the tourists are a soft touch. Their wilful fraternization has sometimes an Alice-in-Wonderland flavor. It is not unusual to see a bear galloping up the landscaped paths between the bungalows hotly pursued by a dozen guests of assorted ages, all clicking away with cameras. On the golf course many a golfer strolling toward his next shot is disconcerted when a large black bear sneaks out of the woods and makes off with his ball.

One afternoon last season the occupants of Outlook Cabin on Lac Beauvert (\$135 a day for four), were entertaining a large gathering of guests. Just before dusk, when the cocktails were flowing freely, two bears appeared on the grassy lakeshore below. They stood erect, squared off and sparred like two clumsy but spirited amateur boxers. The cocktail party, glasses in hand, spilled out onto the lawn and formed a cheering circle around the boxing bears. Bets were shouted. Finally one bear swung a haymaker, knocked the other bear head over heels, and waded off through the jubilant, congratulatory crowd.

The informal note is struck the moment a guest gets off the train at Jasper's fieldstone station and is greeted by the traffic agent wearing a ten-gallon hat. Bing Crosby, who first visited Jasper on location for the movie *The Emperor Waltz* in June 1947, was once asked why he kept coming back to Jasper when he had all the world to choose from. Bing answered: "It's these little bungalows. I can sit here on my front porch and nobody bothers me, and I feel I'm right out in the wilderness."

Jasper liked Bing too. Practically every merchant had a photograph of him in the window. Bing gave townspeople a lift to church in his big blue Packard. When he dedicated the new Legion hall he handed over an

Continued on page 37



Majestic Mount Kerkeslin above Athabaska Falls is typical of Jasper's encircling Rocky Mountain peaks which relaxing guests often prefer to look at than to climb.



Jasper's grandeur was the setting for the film *The Emperor Waltz*, but Paramount, not even satisfied with nature's backdrop in one scene, built this synthetic isle.



This is Jonathan Spalding, an old-fashioned type of banking executive. He had misgivings . . .



This is Blake Jopson, a bold new-fashioned type of banking executive. He had enthusiasms . . .

FOR GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS THEY ALL HAD THEIR EYES ON

The Two Millionth Customer of the Ba

A short story by MICHAEL SHELDON

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS

THE BANK of Lower Canada is a national institution; its head office dominates St. James Street, Montreal's one-way heart of finance. The Bank of Upper Canada is also a national institution; towering above Bay Street, it makes a brave attempt to dominate the rather more extensive financial heart of Toronto. That the other should have achieved institutional status too is a matter of traditional regret for the officials of each bank. And the rivalry between them is keen, for the Bank of Upper Canada can claim a few more years, the Bank of Lower Canada a few more millions, but neither many.

Jonathan Spalding, president of the Bank of Lower Canada, belonged, he was well aware, to a dying tradition. As a younger son of good Scots family, banking had been for him an elegant career, just a step lower in the social scale than the diplomatic service. He deplored what he considered the vulgarization of his profession; the retail-store appearance of the modern bank, its undignified advertising and neon signs. He objected to the banker descending into the market place.

Similarly, many in the Bank of Lower Canada had come to deplore their president. In the past few years "that Toronto bunch" had been catching up; any day they might surge ahead in assets and deposits. And there was just one simple reason; the Bank of Upper Canada was up-to-date, go-getting. It had developed a powerful slogan, "The Bank of the Canadian People"; its assets, it proclaimed on boardings and in streetcars, were measured not in dollars but contented customers. His opponents held Jonathan Spalding personally responsible for the Bank of Lower

Canada's refusal to get in on a good thing. But they had one consolation; it would not be too long before the old man resigned and Blake Jopson became president. What a live wire Blake was—and so human!

Jonathan Spalding was a tall thin man who moved gently and spoke slowly. General manager Blake Jopson was a shorter, square man who moved and spoke forcefully, the image of authority as it is understood today; he kept his grey, fifty-year-old hair sharply crew-cut. Their imposing offices were situated on either side of the marble banking hall of head office. When the president wished to speak to the general manager, he would ask his secretary to request Mr. Jopson's secretary to request Mr. Jopson to pay him a call. When the general manager wished to see the president, he would stride across the banking hall, lavish with brisk smiles and greetings, knock on the presidential oak and enter.

One morning in early summer he appeared at ten o'clock.

"Jonathan," he said, as he swung into the visitor's chair, "we've got to do something about this. We can't afford to turn it down."

"The Bedrock Incorporated loan?"

"No, the celebration of our two millionth customer. Charley Staggs has just told me about it. The statistician says we'll pass our two millionth account by the middle of next month."

"Surely, Blake, there is some difference between an account and a customer?"

"Not when you're dealing with the public. Always talk people to them. The two millionth account of the Bank of Lower Canada—the two



a bun-ton portrait

This is Steve Hatchett, a small-town type of banking executive. He had ambitions . . .

e Bank of Lower Canada ▶▶▶

millionth customer of the Bank of Lower Canada—you can hear the difference."

"But one is true, the other false."

"D'you imagine that Upper Canada crowd would hesitate? Two million customers it is, and a very impressive achievement."

"And what do you propose to do about this—er—milestone in our history?"

"Make a terrific show out of it. Bring the two millionth customer to head office and pour it on. Receptions, speeches, line up the press, turn on the advertising. We'll make those Toronto jokers take notice. They'll look damn silly if all they can say is, 'Now we've got two million customers too.'"

"You're sure we won't look silly?"

"How can we? Though we probably won't get St. Laurent for the ceremony we can be sure of at least two ministers. It's a nationwide front-page story. I've told Charley Stagg to go to work on the project straight away."

"Oh, you have, Blake?" It was one of those mornings—sadly becoming more frequent—when Jonathan Spalding found himself unwilling to face a head-on collision with his general manager; when he all but regretted that tradition—presidents of the Bank of Lower Canada did not retire before sixty-eight—demanded some thirty more months in the saddle. "Well, you have my consent, though scarcely my blessing."

But the more Jonathan Spalding thought

Continued on page 55



Rex Woods



This tangle of dead dry trees shows what the budworm can do.



Ron Wells, of Chilliwack, B.C., got lost over forest but came down safely in car headlights.



John Anderson, chief pilot at Budworm City, works for Skyways Ltd., pioneering B.C. firm.



Stearman spray planes warm up for a dawn take-off. The airstrip scene was like a First World War movie.

Roaring at treetop height over the vast billion-dollar New Brunswick pulpwoods an armada of daredevils in patched-up planes fights a dangerous war against

THE WORM THAT'S WRECKING O

FOR THREE WEEKS last June a grim and meaningful war raged over the jagged green roof of northern New Brunswick's spruce and balsam forest. The battleground was twenty-three hundred square miles of rolling bushland, acre for acre the most valuable pulp forest in Canada. Today that forest is worth something over a billion dollars. Next year it could be a dying wasteland worth practically nothing, if the final reckoning shows that the war was lost.

And not just a forest lay at stake. Bound to that forest was the future economy of New Brunswick, and a vital segment of the economy of all Canada itself.

It was aerial war, as colorful and at times as hazardous as the Battle of Britain. The ammunition was microscopic droplets of DDT spray.

The attacking force was a restless weather-beaten assemblage of pilots, most from the Canadian and American west, who fly their light spray planes as recklessly as their grandfathers of the Old West

rode their cow ponies. Incongruously teamed with them was an army of scholarly foresters and entomologists directing the battle from the ground.

The enemy was a tiny caterpillar which, during the past forty years, has destroyed enough Canadian pulpwood to make a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-cord woodpile four feet high, sixty feet wide, around the world at the equator. This is almost as much pulpwood as man himself has cut during the same period, worth at today's prices more than five billion dollars.

The entomologists call the caterpillar *Choristoneura fumiferana*. The spray pilots call it "the bug." To the rest of us it is the spruce budworm, scourge of the northern coniferous forests which are the mainstay of a pulp-and-paper business that has become Canada's leading industry.

The budworm is Canada's most destructive forest insect, the forests' greatest enemy next to fire. Even when full grown it is only three quarters of an inch long with the diameter of a pin, yet its voracious

appetite for spruce and balsam needles has, during the past decade, left a tangled swath of thousands of square miles of dying forest across eastern Canada, turning prosperous lumber and mill communities into ghost towns.

Now in New Brunswick, where the forest is eighty to ninety percent balsam—the budworm's main food tree—it could in another year or two wipe out everything and the province would be faced with unemployment and economic paralysis. Wood-using industries are the source of sixty percent of the income of New Brunswick's population. The immense area sprayed, considerably larger than the province of Prince Edward Island, is the heartland of a forest region from which six of the province's largest pulp-and-paper mills draw most of their wood supplies.

But all Canada has a big stake in this battle of the budworm. If New Brunswick prosperity slumps, its loss of spending power will be felt across Canada. If the province loses its best pulpwood



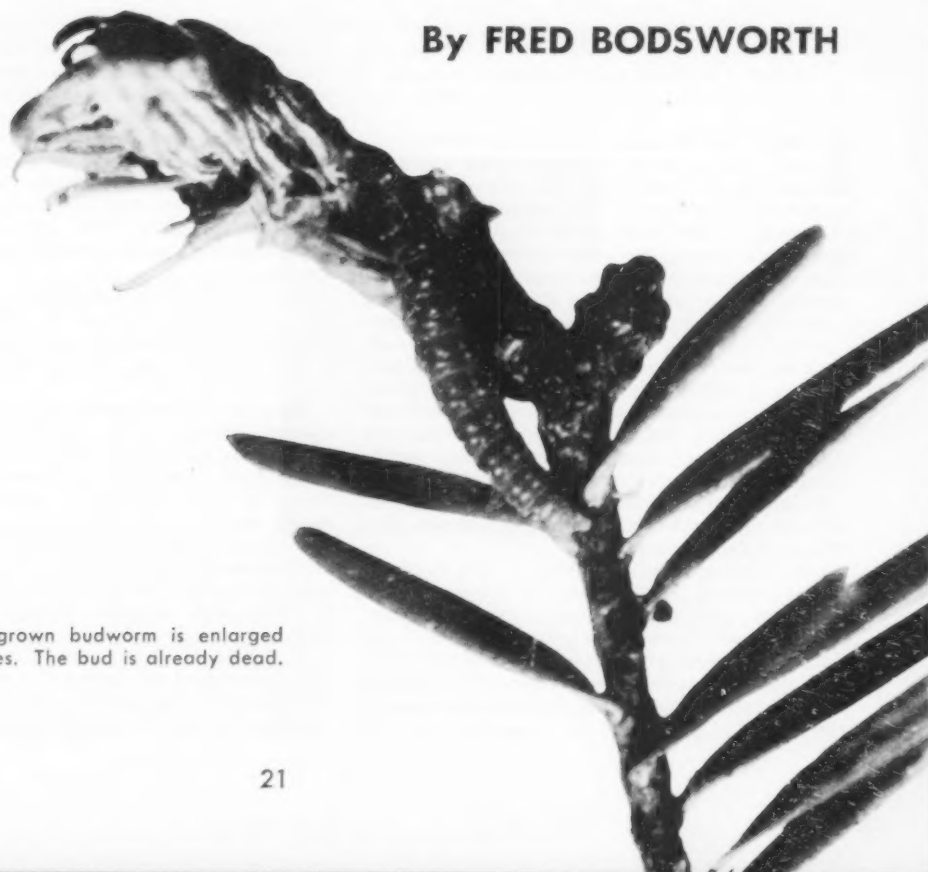
At hazardous top-branch height spray planes douse rugged N.B. forest with DDT. The pilots make good money but find insurance rather expensive.

OUR FORESTS

By FRED BODSWORTH

forest the reduction in pulp-and-paper exports to the U. S. would have an immediate effect on the nation's over-all foreign-exchange position. Canada exports annually close to a billion dollars' worth of pulp and paper, to make it our leading producer of foreign-trade credits. By perfecting a method of large-scale aerial spraying of forest, New Brunswick is pioneering a new era of pest control that promises new and greater wealth from forest lands everywhere in Canada.

It was a brief, fast and hectic battle. It had to be, for the caterpillars expose themselves for only a brief period in June, and even then weather conditions suitable for spraying last only a few hours each dawn and dusk. Seventy-seven planes, the biggest nonmilitary air fleet ever assembled in Canada, took part. They had to operate from six crude little emergency airfields hewn out of solid bush during the previous winter. For three weeks those rough stump-rimmed runways were far and away the busiest airfields *Continued on page 43*



This full-grown budworm is enlarged three times. The bud is already dead.

What should you do about tonsils?



Tonsils were once snipped "just in case," but many specialists now think these organs have a definite

By VICTOR MAXWELL

PHOTO BY PAUL ROCKETT

SHOULD YOU have your child's tonsils removed if they seem too big? Should you wait until after his fifth birthday? Should tonsils come out in the winter when it's cold and damp or in the summer when there might be a risk of polio? Might the operation change his voice or scare him so much that deep damage may be done to his nervous system? And what about those tonsillectomy deaths you see reported in the paper every so often?

When you argue with yourself like that you are right in the middle of a medical controversy that has been going on since at least 1000 B.C. (when, according to ancient records, crude tonsillectomies were performed). Today, with doctors investigating the possibility of a connection between tonsils and polio, it is hotter than ever.

In spite of numerous surveys the medical profession still can't make up its mind about tonsils. The two extreme views are: (a) tonsils are useless, toxin-producing germ traps that should be taken out as soon as possible; and (b) tonsils are an important part of the body's defense against infection and disease. In between are so many shades of opinion varying from region to region and from year to year that whether your child keeps or loses his tonsils depends largely upon the views of your doctor.

From the turn of the century, when the technique of tonsillectomy was perfected, up until about twenty-five years ago, tonsil-snipping was considered as routine and necessary as vaccination is today. Whole families of ten or a dozen children lined up at the public clinics or doctors' offices for what has been called "the massacre of the tonsil." Occasionally a child died under the anaesthetic or bled to death, but that was considered one of the risks that had to be taken. The view of the more cynical doctors was expressed in this little verse:

T stands for tonsil
Some have them still.
If you don't take 'em out,
The other fellow will.

Then, as children-per-family became fewer and doctors became more inquiring, tonsillectomies became less frequent. In 1938 the Medical Research Council of Great Britain reported a survey of thirty thousand children in public schools which found that the incidence of coughs, colds, sore throats and other ailments among children with or without tonsils did not differ. The council doubted whether a great majority of tonsil operations were any more than "a routine prophylactic ritual for no particular reason and with no particular result."

In October 1938, Dr. Albert Kaiser, of Rochester, N.Y., published the results of a ten-year study of forty-four hundred children, all of whom by "conventional standards" should have had their tonsils

out. Half of them did; half didn't. He found that the removal of tonsils had no apparent effect on the incidence of colds, bronchitis, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

In spite of these findings the tonsil controversy is far from settled. Dr. Alan Brown, Canada's senior pediatrician, stated recently that "diseased tonsils cause more trouble than all other children's ailments put together . . . except traffic accidents." And Brown, as physician-in-chief of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, as consultant to the federal and Ontario governments and as a private practitioner, has been dealing with two hundred and fifteen thousand children a year by his own estimate.

Dr. R. W. Davis, a general practitioner with forty years' experience in Ontario, represents the view of a small but vocal group of doctors. In his recent book, *Health Saboteurs*, he blames tonsils for just about everything that is wrong with human beings—including allergies, buck teeth and crime—and advocates their wholesale removal as soon after birth as possible.

Dr. P. E. Ireland, professor of otolaryngology (ear, nose and throat disease specialization) at the University of Toronto, says this idea is "ridiculous" and that he would no more think of removing a healthy tonsil than extracting a healthy molar.

In the summer of 1941 the tonsil-snipping business took its biggest jolt as a result of a tragedy in Akron, Ohio. Five of the six children in one family contracted polio and three died. The only



and vital job. Here's impartial advice for parents who are worrying about this universal problem

child to escape, although polio germs were found in his system, was the one who still had his tonsils.

The panic was on. Doctors couldn't get parents to take their children near an operating table during the summer months, up to then considered the best time for tonsillectomies. Once again medical opinion was divided and each side found plenty of statistics to prove its point.

In 1949, for instance, Dr. D. S. Cuning, of New York, published the results of a four-year, nationwide survey conducted by the American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society with 36,678 cases of polio and 93,379 cases of tonsillectomy. The committee concluded that "it fails to see any causal relationship existing between poliomyelitis and tonsillectomy."

Others don't agree. A survey by Drs. C. W. Anderson, G. Anderson, A. E. Skaar and F. Sandler of 2,709 cases during a polio epidemic in Minnesota led to the conclusion that the risk of developing polio was at least three times as great among those undergoing tonsillectomy within one month before exposure to polio germs as among a comparable group not undergoing this operation.

These two findings are typical. Some surveys show a relationship between polio and tonsillectomy; others don't. There seems at present to be more evidence in support of the relationship but most medical men are far from convinced one way or the other.

One thing the majority agree on: No routine surgery, even tooth extraction or vaccination,

should be performed during a polio epidemic.

What are the facts about tonsils? If you want to look at a pair of these controversial appendages, get your child to "open wide" and look inside. On either side of the throat—right at the base of the tongue—are two bumpy, almond-shaped growths located between what looks like two ridges of muscle. These are the palatine tonsils—to laymen simply "the tonsils." There are other tonsils down there that you can't see. There is a ring of tonsil tissue called the tonsillar ring. Just above the soft palate at the back of the nasal cavity is a tonsillar growth called adenoids which if not removed often disappear at puberty.

The tonsillar ring surrounds the vital port of entry to the body. Past it go all the air we breathe and food we eat. Much of this food and air is too hot or too cold, loaded with dust, dirt, bacteria, viruses, smoke, tobacco tar and smog. The tonsillar ring is made up of lymphoid tissue, one of the functions of which is to localize and destroy infection.

Many doctors believe that, as part of the tonsillar ring, the tonsils in some way help fight infection. What they don't agree on is how essential a bulwark they are. Dr. Alan Brown says we can get along without them at any age because other organs quickly take over their work. On the other hand, Dr. Francis L. Lederer, of the University of Illinois, recently stated in the Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Monthly that tonsils play an important part in the development of what he called "auto immuniza-

tion," that by producing toxins they do a sort of self-vaccinating job. He said this immunization is far from complete at the age of six and if tonsils are removed the child "will remain unprotected and may be endangered later in lifetime."

It is widely accepted that the tonsils are fertile breeding-grounds for streptococcus, pneumococcus, staphylococcus, diphtheria bacteria and other germs. The tonsils contain ten to twenty crypts, little blind alleys running down into the interior, warm and moist and filled with debris, which can reproduce bacteria faster than a laboratory test tube. One theory in favor of leaving the tonsils in place holds that the toxins produced by the germs harbored by the tonsils serve as a sort of immunization mechanism to help the body fight off the attack of those germs. The doctors who recommend tonsil removal believe that the presence of germs and toxins can only be harmful.

More and more throat specialists, including Dr. J. B. Whaley, head of the ear, nose and throat service at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, believe healthy tonsils should be left alone. With diseased tonsils, says Alan Brown, the important thing is to get them out before there is any "systematic involvement of the vital organs."

When he sees a child with a history of repeated sore throats, fatigue, listlessness, lack of appetite, bad breath and swollen neck glands he advises immediate operation. "And it doesn't make any difference how old he is or what season of the year it is," he maintains.

Continued on page 46

THE NIGHTMARE STORY OF THE IRISH FLIGHT TO CANADA

***They came by the tens of thousands
in plague-infested ships from a famine-stricken land.
Welcomed with abuse, they survived
to become publicans, priests and lively politicians,
plus O'Flahertys who speak only French***

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE GLOVER

A M A C L E A N ' S F L A S H B A C K



Grosse Isle, Que., monument mourns the hundreds who perished there of typhus.

THE BRIG MIDAS sailed into the harbor at Saint John, N.B., and anchored at Partridge Island quarantine station on the sunny afternoon of May 5, 1847. That was an important date in Canadian history, for after it the young country was never quite the same again.

An immigration officer went aboard for routine inspection. What he saw has been described as "the most horrible, the most ghastly, the most pitiable sight ever seen in a Canadian port." Port officials in those days were hardened to boatloads of squalor from across the Atlantic, but they'd never seen anything like this. Hundreds of filthy, ragged, starved immigrants from Ireland were packed in the hold like blacks in a slaver. Between rows of wooden benches that served as berths were piled boxes, sacks, pails, barrels and bundles containing the wretched worldly goods of the passengers. Neither floor nor berths nor passengers had been washed since the ship left Ireland six weeks before. The straw ticks hadn't been aired and were filled with "abominations." The ship gave off such a fetid stench that longshoremen demanded bonus wages to board her.

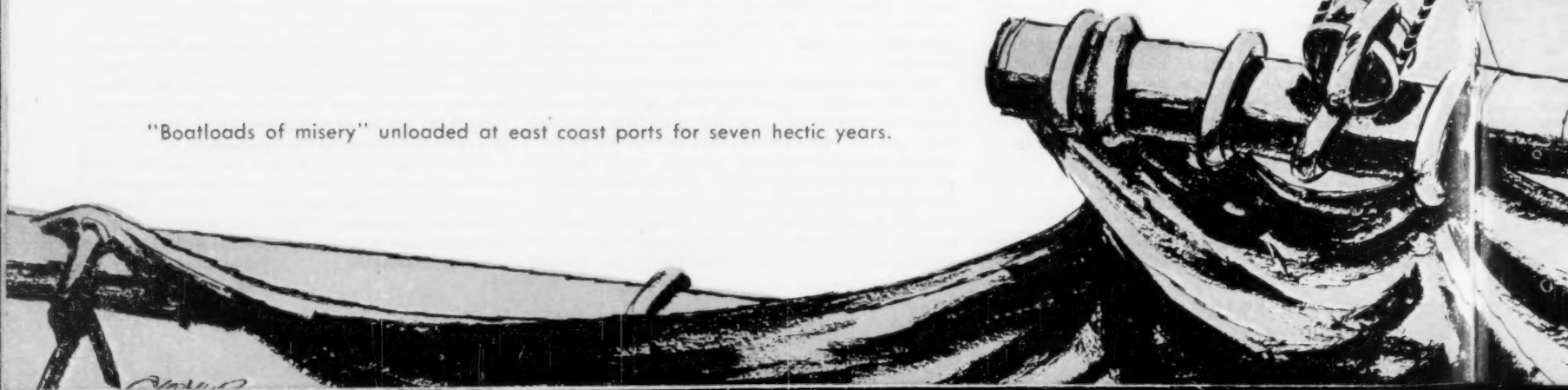
Men, women and children huddled hollow-eyed in their berths, too sick with typhus to stagger on deck for their first glimpse of the land of promise. Eight children and two adults had died on the way over and many more were to die and be buried on Partridge Island in the next few days.

The Midas was no isolated hell-ship. She was merely the first of the "fever ships" from Ireland, the forerunner of an armada of misery that in the next seven years was to fill Canada's Atlantic ports, bringing the biggest single wave of immigration in our history. After witnessing a similar arrival at Quebec a Dr. Douglas declared: "I never saw people so indifferent to life. They would remain in the same berth with a dead person until the seaman dragged out the corpse with a boat hook."

Nine days after the Midas docked at Saint John the sailing ship Syria made her way up the St. Lawrence to the

Continued on page 31

"Boatloads of misery" unloaded at east coast ports for seven hectic years.





Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS: An atomic blast, miles below Arctic ice, disturbs the hibernation of a prehistoric super-lizard. Taller than the average skyscraper, the creature finally invades New York in this naïve but entertaining fantasy.

FAST COMPANY: A lightweight race-track comedy which tries to be too cute for words and winds up with only an occasional snicker. With Howard Keel, Polly Bergen, Marjorie Main.

FORT TI: Flaming arrows from the screen practically set fire to the balcony in this 3-D action yarn about pre-Revolutionary America, but the story and the acting are dull.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: A lively Technicolorization of the spicy Broadway stage hit co-stars Marilyn Monroe as a diamond-hunting blonde and Jane Russell as a man-hunting brunette, with Charles Coburn as a rich old wolf.

JULIUS CAESAR: Shakespeare's drama itself suffers from a long anticlimax, but most of its celebrated merits are soundly accounted for in this tasteful, intelligent film. The cast includes John Gielgud, James Mason and Marlon Brando — the latter, as Mark Antony, uttering his lines with hardly a trace of his usual mumble.



Julius Caesar: James Mason as noble Brutus.

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING: The camera's cruel literalness makes it all too obvious that talented Julie Harris is a mature actress, rather than the agonized southern adolescent she portrays. Despite the film's evident sincerity, it is too thin dramatically. Ethel Waters, as a Negro mammy, is heartwarming.

SCANDAL AT SCOURIE: A not too coy movie about a middle-aged couple (Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson) who adopt an orphan girl (Donna Corcoran). Rural Ontario in the 1890s is the pleasant setting.

SEA DEVILS: If you can possibly imagine Yvonne de Carlo as a British secret agent assigned to steal Napoleon's plans for invading England, this one may help kill — or at least stun — an hour and a half of your spare time.

Gilmour Rates

Brandy for the Parson: Comedy. Fair.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Confidentially Connie: Comedy. Good.
Count the Hours: Whodunit. Poor.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
Cry of the Hunted: Drama. Fair.
Desert Legion: Adventure. Fair.
Desert Rats: War drama. Good.
Desert Song: Musical. Fair.
Desperate Moment: "Chase" drama. Fair.
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.
Elizabeth Is Queen: Coronation. Good.
Fair Wind to Java: Action. Poor.
The Girl Who Had Everything: Crime and romance. Fair.
The Girls of Pleasure Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Henry V (reissue): Shakespeare. Tops.
Hiawatha: Longfellow's Indians. Fair.
The Hitchhiker: Suspense. Excellent.
Houdini: Hoked-up biography. Fair.
House of Wax: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
I Love Melvin: Musical. Fair.
Invaders From Mars: Adventure. Poor.
It Happens Every Thursday: Small-town newspaper yarn. Fair.
Law and Order: Western. Fair.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
The Lone Hand: Western. Fair.
Long Memory: British drama. Fair.

Magnetic Monster: Suspense. Fair.
Man in the Dark: 3-D drama. Fair.
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
Never Let Me Go: Drama. Fair.
Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.
The Passionate Sentry: Comedy. Fair.
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Pickup on South Street: Drama. Good.
Pony Express: Western. Fair.
The President's Lady: U. S. historical drama. Good.
A Queen Is Crowned: The Coronation in Technicolor. Excellent.
Raiders in the Sky: RAF drama. Good.
Salome: Sex-and-religion. Fair.
Sangaree: Melodrama in 3-D. Fair.
Small Town Girl: Comedy. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
The Star: Movieland drama. Good.
The Stars Are Singing: Musical. Good.
The System: Crime melodrama. Fair.
Take Me to Town: Comedy. Fair.
Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
Trouble Along the Way: Comedy. Good.
The Vanquished: Old South drama. Poor.
Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent.

The Dangerous Luxury of Hating America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

When the Folies Bergère, between its parades of stark-naked women, pictures the typical American traveler as an oaf in a dinner jacket Paris laughs but the laughter does not hide the bitterness of a sick country.

One sleek American millionairess, forced to leave her limousine and travel by train through the St. Gothard tunnel, looks down her nose at the common people, complains about the service and, by her air of disdain, disgusts a whole trainload of Europeans, who forget the quiet young American couple in the next seat, quietly minding their own business.

The Roman guide, for all his well-trained polish, cannot disguise his contempt for the old maid from Spokane who tries to absorb Italian culture in three easy lessons.

An Italian innkeeper assures you that all Americans are crazy and lawless while he himself is laboriously engaged at the moment in cooking two sets of books to cheat his government out of income tax.

Bad manners, though no one in Europe seems to suspect it, are not confined to the Americans. British manners, for example, are perfect by British standards. They are often repulsive by American standards. No one can resist the bluff friendliness of the British workingman but the American is repelled by the coldness of the upper classes, a coldness deepening as the social scale ascends.

He is amazed to find that Britain, perhaps the most successful democracy in the art of government, is not and may never be a social democracy. An economic revolution has changed the distribution of wealth. It has hardly made a dent in the unquestioned principle of class. The London Times says the revolution has made the nation more class-conscious than ever.

The English gentry's exquisite deportment, the casual look learned by long study, the clothes carefully tailored to appear careless, the accent acquired by years of sedulous apprenticeship, the English gentleman's unalterable and sincere conviction of his racial superiority—all this at first chills and then heats a normal American. The Englishman, for his part, is appalled by the American's habit of saying what he feels and exposing his soul indecently.

The American cannot be expected to understand immediately that the Englishman, frightened by his own sentimentality, ashamed of his secret emotionalism and pitifully shy, has constructed an outer glaze as a protective coloration against a prying world. The American may not appreciate at once the solid, unshakable strength of the nation behind the formal façade; the self-discipline of a single organism, an indivisible community, a single family, beside which the society of North America is almost an anarchy; the nameless nobility and grubby heroism of little people whose organic unity overrides all class divisions and is the true secret of Britain's greatness.

Accustomed to speed in work and play, the American is infuriated by the leisurely pace of Britain, the delays and endless paper work, the all-permeating officialdom and fussing over silly details, the uniforms and badges of office from the hall porter to the Beefeater of the Tower, the unquestioning assurance that the rulers may err but the system itself is the ultimate work of man.

"You must first understand," said one of England's most powerful industrialists, "two essential facts. We are an island people, we are isolated by the sea and we have no real interest in any other country. And we are a lazy people, we only do as much as we have to for survival, we prefer to enjoy life and we never strain ourselves until we're on the brink of disaster. We are, you might say, a Dunkirk people."

From his office we could see a road gang drinking their tea beside a hot brazier. In a bombed-out concrete basement near St. Paul's a band of office workers played lunch-hour soccer with a tennis ball.

"You see," said the industrialist, "the whole problem there. We have to convince those easy-going people that London isn't yet rebuilt and we are facing an economic Dunkirk."

The power of self-criticism is stronger than foreigners suppose. For example, the day after the Coronation The Times (with shocking bad manners on such an occasion, many of its readers thought) suddenly lashed out at the British people as "a good people grown careless... content to live hand-to-mouth... meanness of spirit, envy and jealousy sour too much of our national life."

Probably it would be fairer to say that the British people are tired by war and austerity, an ordeal which the American has never known. Their pride is hurt by the decline of their relative strength in the world balance of power. Sometimes they reveal a brittleness unnatural to them—as when Eden was publicly criticized for his perfectly reasonable decision to take medical treatment in the United States.

Second Fiddlers Are Unhappy

If British manners irritate the American the German's current air of servility and heartiness before his conquerors is still harder to take.

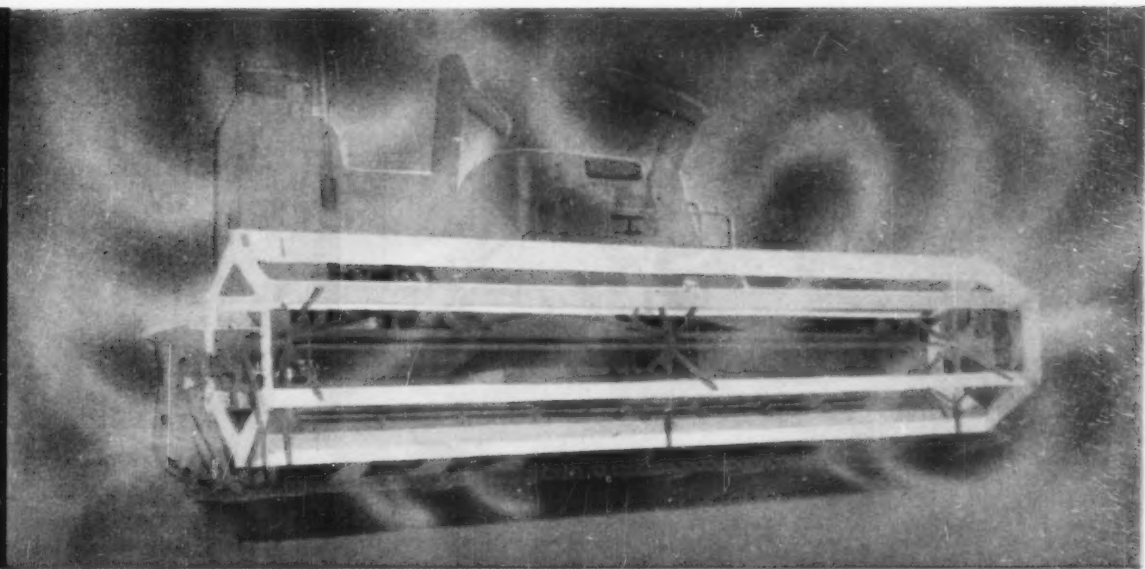
The French, who claim the best manners on earth and secretly regard all other races as barbarous, have only to step into an automobile to make the countryside hideous with the ceaseless screech of their horns, the roads a death trap with their recklessness.

It is all a matter of standards but few Europeans admit that Americans have any right to a standard of their own. Vainly the Canadian tries to explain that Americans at home are well-behaved, friendly and considerate. I never found one European who believed me. I had half-convinced a hotel clerk in Barcelona when an American guest, loaded with wine and money, lurched up to announce in a strident voice that the barkeeper had insulted him by refusing him more drink and he must have a public apology or leave. The Spaniard will continue to believe all Americans are like that.

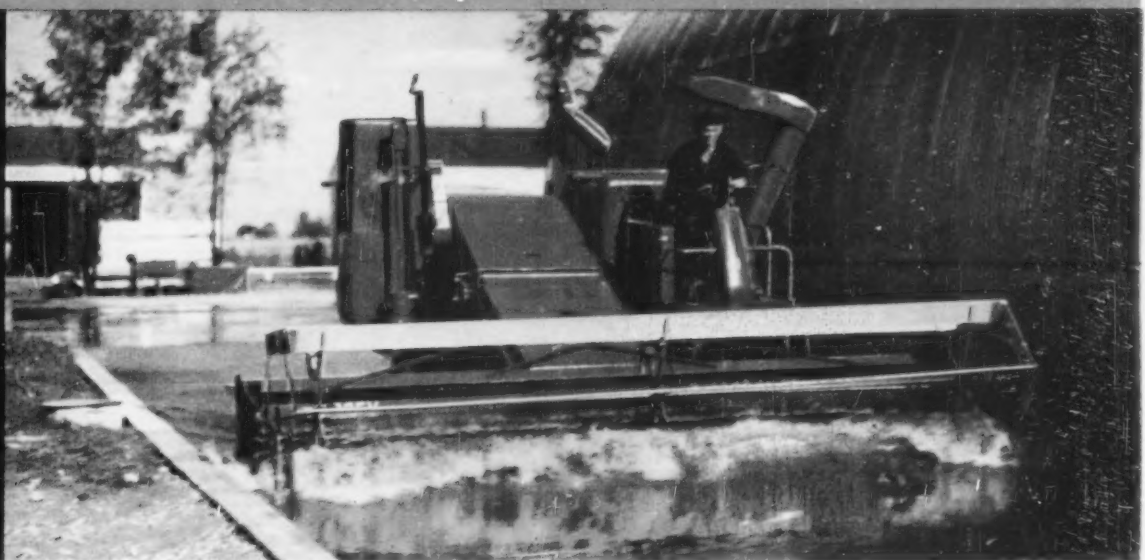
The clash of manners, however distressing, does not begin to explain the growing anti-Americanism of Europe. It is, to a large extent anyway, only a rationalization of Europe's frustration and envy, an escape mechanism to cover Europe's own sense of weakness and dependence.

This is particularly true and doubtless inevitable in Britain. The British people are going through not only a hard time economically but a cruel readjustment spiritually. After centuries of supremacy it is not easy for a great people to accept the supreme power of the United States, to realize that their reward for saving the world singlehanded in the first years of the war is poverty while even the conquered Germans are living better on the whole than the conquerors. And not easy to accept moral sermons from Mr. Dulles, who runs Malenkov and

**The world's
most abrasive
dust
is imported
for this test**



**... and
water
tests the
oil seals
and bearings**



AT OUR TEST TRACK TRIAL BY TORTURE HAS A PURPOSE

Ever waded through a "rice paddy"? In many tropical countries, operating conditions call for farm implements to stand the gaff of continuous exposure to damp, rust, heavy rainfalls and mud. That's why tests like the "Water Bath" are important. They're another reason why farmers in 106 countries will continue to buy Canadian-made Massey-Harris equipment.



MASSEY-HARRIS

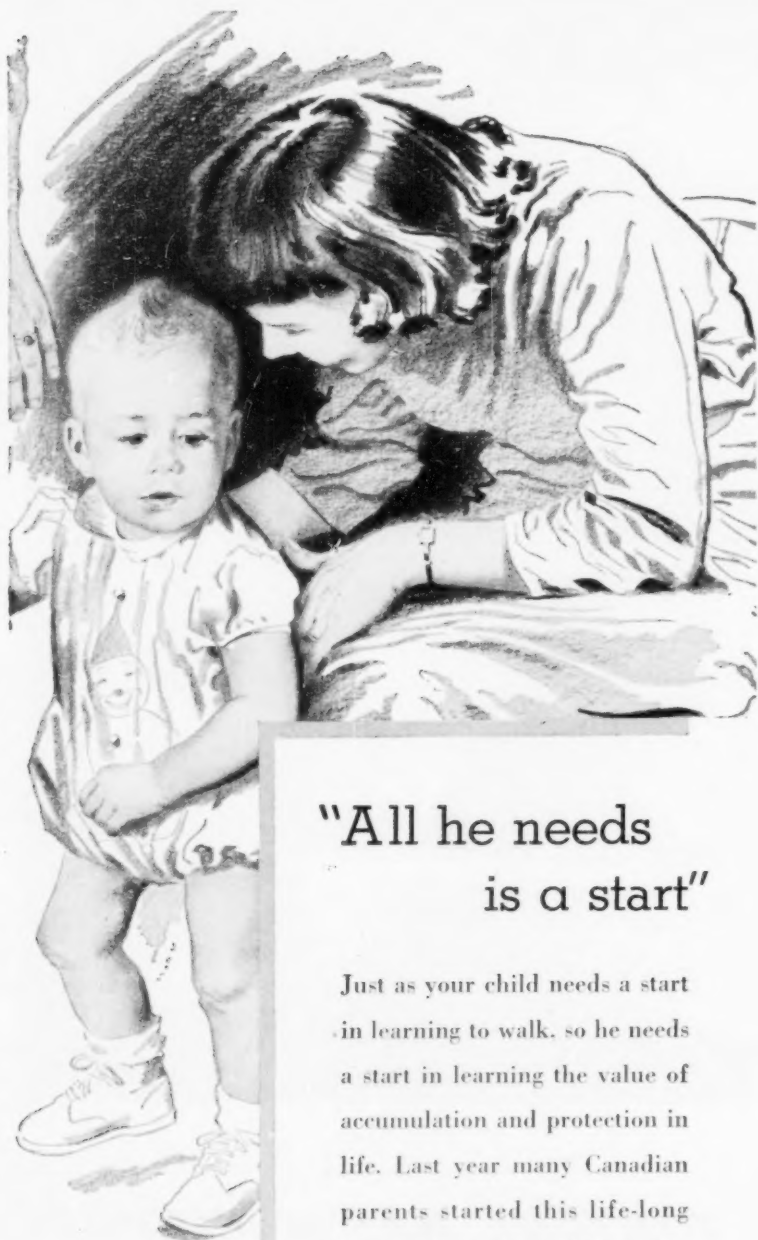


The top photograph gives you an idea of the torturing "Dust Tunnel Test". Here, implements are operated in a swirling, man-made dust storm. The wear, in hours, is equivalent to years of field service. And just ordinary dust won't do—Massey-Harris engineers insist on importing the most abrasive dust known, from Arizona.

The lower picture shows the special "Water Bath" built at the Test Track to furnish exact engineering data on the ability of our machines to withstand the ravages of weather. Many other test facilities include the "Belgian Block" road, roughest paving ever laid—steep gradients and hairpin turns—and a special "obstacle course" simulating the worst kind of broken terrain.

By making possible improved farm implements of tested quality, this, the first scientific proving ground for farm implements, advances the fundamental Massey-Harris purpose . . . to help farmers everywhere produce more food, with less manpower, and at lower cost—so that everybody benefits.

*New things to benefit Canadian agriculture
are always "in the works" at Massey-Harris*



"All he needs is a start"

Just as your child needs a start in learning to walk, so he needs a start in learning the value of accumulation and protection in life. Last year many Canadian parents started this life-long lesson through confidence in Canada Life. Why not see your Canada Life man and do likewise?



LAST YEAR, 66% OF ALL
CHILDREN'S POLICIES
WERE FOR CHILDREN
AGES 4 AND UNDER



plan your future with confidence in
The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

animated alphabet by WHALLEY



H IS FOR
HANGOVER



I IS FOR
INSINUATION



J IS FOR
JUDGE



K IS FOR
KEYHOLE

McCarthy a close third in the present European unpopularity contest.

The postwar generosity of the United States secretly rankles in all British hearts, however it may be acclaimed in public. The money certainly is appreciated. The necessity of accepting it is bound to hurt.

A wise Londoner explained Britain's feelings by recalling a story about Field-Marshal Smuts. The South African statesman was asked why he was being so ferociously attacked by a certain politician. Said Smuts: "I can't imagine. I never did that man a good turn in my life."

The United States' costly good turns of recent years have made few friends in Europe.

These emotional frictions are not half so deep or permanently important as the ignorance that feeds them. To the Europeans America is as distant, unmapped and uncongenial as the moon. The Americans know much more about the outer surface of Europe. Yet they miss the whole point.

"They think," as a world-weary Frenchman told me, "that they know foreigners and how to deal with them. Actually we are no better understood than the inhabitants of Mars."

The Europeans are misunderstood largely because the average American regards the American Way of Life as the true norm and ideal state of man. He expects foreigners to grow inevitably toward this particular society with a little more experience, enlightenment and help.

The Europeans, of course, have no intention of doing anything of the sort. They will imitate American techniques, accept American gifts and try to duplicate America's riches. They will never forego their own ways of life which they consider superior to any other. Before the United States can even begin to solve the trans-Atlantic problem it will have to accept the curious fact that for most of the world the American Way of Life will always be a curious aberration.

This really doesn't matter, but as one of the most penetrating minds of Britain remarked, it wounds the Americans.

"We Englishmen," he explained, "never expected to be loved when we were running the show. We didn't particularly want to be. We always knew that unpopularity was the price of power. But the Americans, poor fellows, just can't bear not to be loved. It burns them right up, you know. We won't get on together until the Americans realize that power is a lonely business, with more kicks than ha'pence. Yes, and it would help a lot if Mr. Dulles stopped talking like the Diety."

Recent events have added a final friction of another kind—Britain and Europe fear that the United States government doesn't know how to use its power. Eisenhower has been, so far, a sharp disappointment to his European friends. They expected the President to exploit his election victory as he exploited the beachheads of Africa and Normandy. Instead, they saw in Washington nothing like Roosevelt's first electric Hundred Days but a vacuum in which the President seemed poised uncertainly at dead centre.

Such fears are not confined to Europeans. After a close look at Europe Walter Lippmann returned home to report that "American influence is declining precipitously as the Eisenhower administration displays its weakness and indecision." Mr. Lippmann erred on the side of understatement.

When this report is printed Eisenhower may have recaptured the full power of the presidency. But much precious time has been lost, much harm done in Europe, the Eisenhower legend seriously diluted.

Three distinct factors can be identified in the confused debate now raging throughout the continent. There is, to begin with, the familiar notion that the trigger-happy Americans will blunder into a world war. When you tell the Europeans that it just isn't in the nature of the Americans to start a war, that they have never fought until they had to, the Europeans point to General MacArthur, the China Lobby, the wild men of the Congress, the confused soul-searching of Senator Taft, the bullying threats of Senator McCarthy and, above all, to the dominant position of so many military men in the American government.

To most Canadians the theory of an aggressive American imperialism is not alarming. To countless Europeans it is a deadly nightmare. The United States, as one of Britain's most influential figures observed, might survive an atomic war, though broken and desolated. For Britain and Europe there is no such hope. Glancing out his penthouse window across the vast bulk of London, a shining target for bombers, this man added: "Another war would leave nothing here but an atomic swamp. Do you wonder we get the wind up a bit when we hear the lunatics howling in Washington?"

Another nightmare is still more urgent and seems more likely to materialize—the fear of an American depression. Here again Europe feels itself far more exposed than the United States. One of England's leading economists put a problem of infinite complexity in simple terms: "The United States is rich enough to stand without serious

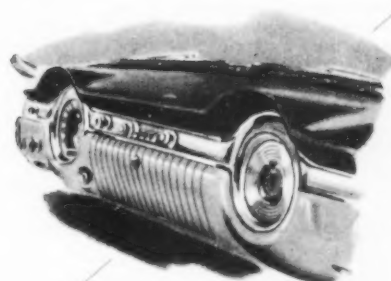
"A thing of
Beauty... a
joy to Possess"



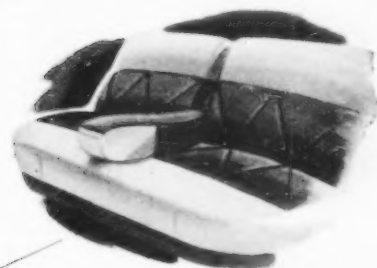
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has a sparkle and a smartness of design that sets Oldsmobile apart from every other car on the road. And, of course, all this beauty is matched by brilliant performance, magnificent riding comfort and the sparkling power of the 165 horsepower high-compression "Rocket" engine. Remember, too, that Oldsmobile offers you a host of wonderful "Power" features as options at extra cost—features like Hydra-Matic Super Drive, new Power Steering and Pedal-Ease Power Brakes. Find out for yourself the sheer joy of possessing an Oldsmobile. See your Oldsmobile dealer!



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strain a recession of, say, five or even ten percent in its national income. For us it would be sheer disaster. Remember that in the spring of 1949 American business dropped about five percent for a few months, a tiny affair in the States. But the drop in American imports was something like forty percent and it just about wrecked us, dollarwise. Within three months we had to devalue the pound. We can't stand another shake like that."

To the Europeans an American recession, even a small one, is no longer an economic process. It has become a

moral crime. Few seem to remember that the American economy, for all its mistakes, has recently saved the world from ruin. The Russians remember, with regret.

Unjust and ungrateful criticism of the American system is constantly fed by the American Congress. Europe has been shaken to find Eisenhower, who preached low tariffs and increasing trade in his election campaign, yielding to Congressional pressure and postponing this whole issue for a year.

He postponed it, moreover, at the very moment when the Commonwealth

was ready to risk the gigantic gamble of convertibility—the freeing of the pound to find its own level in terms of the dollar—if it could get reasonable American co-operation. When Eden and Butler proposed the Commonwealth plan of reduced tariffs, expanded trade and convertible currencies to Washington they were politely brushed off by the American government which had formerly demanded this policy.

Doubtless it is far too early to foresee the result of Eisenhower's postponed but inevitable collision with the protectionists of his party. The Beaver-

brook press shrilly announces that American tariffs are going up as in the Twenties. The real thinkers of Britain fear that Eisenhower will face his problem too late, when even a minor American recession makes tariff reductions politically impossible.

The third factor in Europe's disillusionment is doing still more harm at the moment: Senator McCarthy's crusade of vilification has convinced millions of Europeans that the American people have scrapped the Bill of Rights and repudiated the doctrine of personal liberty on which their whole society is founded. For the free world outside the United States McCarthyism is not just a spectacle. It is a tragedy.

The trans-Atlantic misunderstanding becomes ludicrous when you hear an intelligent Frenchman lamenting the blunders of the United States while his own government cannot even manage its own finances or be sure of surviving until next week end; when an Italian deplores American belligerence though he himself, only a few years ago, was a member of Mussolini's brain trust; or when a former officer of Hitler's staff solemnly affirms that the Americans cannot be trusted with the atom bomb.

The cause of the problem is clear to anyone who knows the United States and has observed at first hand the tortured mind of Europe. The cure is much harder to find. Certainly it will not be found in the present attempt to hush up the unpleasant truth by diplomatic postures, after-dinner oratory and trans-Atlantic cargoes of soft soap.

A Canadian, as a middleman in this wrangle between his friends, must conclude, first, that any workable long-term agreement between the British and American peoples must be based not on myths but on sheer necessity. Out of day-to-day co-operation in practical affairs understanding will come in time. To expect it by some law of nature or some racial affinity is not only absurd but dangerous because it is bound to fail.

Second, the United States and Europe will never learn to get along together until they realize for a start that they simply do not know each other, until they see that the United States is presented as a wicked caricature in Europe and Europe as a preposterous fairy tale in the United States.

Third, the United States must understand that the caricature of its life is largely of its own making through the mischievous agency of Hollywood, McCarthyism, the lunatic fringe of the Congress and the manners of Americans abroad.

Fourth, the United States must be convinced that Europe is not a broken-down, antique model of the American system which must be replaced by a new model off the Detroit assembly line, but a continent of vigorous able people, tragically divided but in many ways more civilized than the new world; that these people are not objects of charity but allies and friends absolutely essential to the United States' survival.

Finally, Europe must reconcile itself, as it has not reconciled itself yet, to the historic fact that the United States is and will remain for a long time the largest power on earth; that this power can be influenced to good ends but never compelled or repealed; that no great nation in the United States' position has ever been so generous to foreigners, so innocent of ambition, so eager to do the right thing, so assailed by conscience or so suddenly summoned by history to perform a miracle.

In our time many miracles will be required. None of them can hope to succeed without a miraculous change in the trans-Atlantic climate. ★

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The Irish Flight To Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

quarantine station at Grosse Isle, below Quebec City. By May 20 no fewer than thirty more ships were anchored at the island unloading or waiting to unload their cargoes of death, disease and incredible wretchedness. By the end of the year similar ships had dumped more than a hundred thousand destitute Irish men, women and children in Canadian ports. By 1854 Canada's population was increased by nearly three hundred and fifty thousand Irish.

For 1847 was the year of the typhus epidemic, the blackest year in Ireland's sad history, the worst year of the potato famine that within one decade reduced Ireland's population from 8,500,000 to just over 5,000,000. An estimated one million of these actually starved to death or died from typhus. A total of 1,656,044 emigrated to North America, 1,300,000 to the United States and the rest to Canada.

Ireland's loss was Canada's gain, although Canadians did not see it that way at the time. The newcomers were referred to by some editors as "Irish trash" or "boatloads of indolence and poverty"; The Governor-General, Lord Elgin, called the influx a "terrible scourge" and petitioned the home government to "stem the tide of misery." Still they came, and the survivors went to work to build railways, roads, bridges, canals, sawmills and factories. They cleared the land for farming. They were largely responsible for increasing Canada's population from just over one million in 1831 to 3,689,257 in 1871.

Potatoes Were To Blame

The census of that year showed 846,414 Irishmen or their descendants in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick out of a total population of 3,485,761—or 140,000 more than those of English origin and 200,000 more than those of Scottish origin. So during the period when Canada was changing from colony to nation almost one person in four in the settled area was an Irishman.

Whether their influence was good or bad is still a subject of argument, but there can be no doubt that the Protestant and Catholic Irish who came to Canada in the nineteenth century brought new and lively issues into Canadian politics.

And their influx was almost entirely due to potatoes. Without a superabundance of spuds there never would have been so many Irish in the first place, and certainly not nearly so many eventually in North America. Potatoes are supposed (by one theory) to have been introduced into Ireland from North Carolina in 1585. By 1700 they were being grown all over the country. Irishmen thrived so well on them that between 1700 and 1800 the population jumped from 1,250,000 to 4,500,000. In the next forty-five years potatoes combined with early marriages and the discouragement of emigration to increase Ireland's population to the unprecedented high of 8,500,000.

That was almost exactly twice as many Irishmen as there are at home today—and about twice as many as the economy could support. Fully one third of these Irishmen lived almost entirely on potatoes. Tenant farmers, cotters and farm laborers subsisted on patches of potatoes varying in size from a quarter-acre to five acres. They ate spuds three times a day, made

flour out of them, fed them to the pigs and even turned them into whisky. When the crop was good they had nearly enough to eat; when it failed through floods or drought or frost or insects—as it did in 1739, 1821, 1831, 1835 and 1839—they lived on charity, starved, or emigrated.

In the first half of the nineteenth century overpopulation and one-crop dependence caught up with the Irish. The cotters and laborers were desperately poor. Their thatched-roofed, clay-walled huts barely kept out the weather. Speaking in the British par-

liament in 1838 the Duke of Wellington stated: "There never was a country in which poverty existed to so great a degree as it exists in Ireland." Early in 1845 an Irish member of parliament admitted that there were four and a half million paupers in his country.

On this sorry situation in the summer of 1845 a fungus growth called late blight fell like a headsman's axe. It had ruined potato crops in North America in 1844, but since there was plenty of other food it caused no great distress. There was heavy rainfall in the spring of 1845 in Ireland and the prairies

came up lush and green. Weeding their fine patches the cotters noticed little purple blotches on the leaves. They'd never seen them before, and so ignored them. More rains came and the blotches got larger, leaves began to droop. By midsummer the whole potato patch was a rotten soggy mess giving off a stench that carried for miles. In some regions in the west and south the entire crop was wiped out. That winter many Irish were hungry, but few actually starved.

The spring of 1846 was six weeks early and the potato growers hoped for



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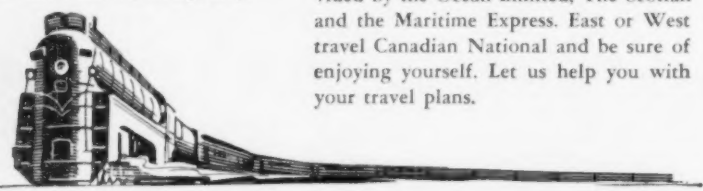
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an early harvest. They got no harvest at all. By now the blight had spread all over the island and gaunt famine stalked in its wake. Early in 1847 typhus fever, spread by lice and thriving on overcrowding and undernourishment, broke out everywhere.

The first reports of starvation came from the counties of Cork in the south and Mayo in the west. By February people were dying everywhere. In one townland near the city of Cork seven hundred of the eight hundred inhabitants were starving.

On April 17 the Roscommon Journal reported: "Deaths by famine are now so frequent that whole families who retire to rest at night are corpses in the morning and frequently are left unburied for days for want of coffins."

By the middle of March fifty thousand deaths from starvation and disease had been reported to the constabulary office in Dublin. During March and April two thousand died every week in the workhouses alone. Thousands more perished on the roadsides and in ditches. Coroners stopped holding inquests for lack of juries. Hungry men became crazed criminals. One broke into a house in Cork and murdered two children just to get at some scraps of cake. Food riots broke out at the ports, for although the peasants starved the regular export of oats, flour, beef, pork and mutton to England continued.

The British government distributed forty-five million dollars' worth of corn in the first six months of 1847. Supplies were shipped from the United States and Canada, but it was not enough. For hundreds of thousands the choice was: Emigrate to the unknown wilds of North America or stay at home and die.

In March the great exodus began. Help was forthcoming but not all of it was disinterested. Some landlords, eager to consolidate the peasants' plots into larger farms, invoked a provision of the Poor Relief Act which enabled them to pay the passages of tenants and take over their land. Parish officials often decided it was shrewder to put up money for fares than to attempt to feed the destitute. But in many cases friends and relatives already established in North America sent money. Philanthropists helped others. One of the most remarkable of these was Vere Foster, an English diplomat and author. In 1847 Foster visited Ireland and was so shocked by what he saw that thereafter he devoted most of his time and money to the relief of Irish suffering. In all he helped twenty-five thousand single Irish girls emigrate to North America. Of these, sixteen thousand came to Canada. Foster even braved the horrors of the refugee ships to learn conditions at first hand.

The refugees swarmed to the ports of Ireland carrying their pitiable belongings on their backs. And immediately new troubles beset them. Unscrupulous agents often bought up the entire steerage space of a vessel and then fleeced the destitute passengers. They forced the price of passage up from three pounds to five pounds and then to seven pounds. They sold the travelers useless junk as "essentials in the New World," they gave false information—"New York is directly on the route to Quebec"—and sold passages on ships not due to sail for several weeks.

The emigrants were jammed into the holds of old sailing tubs once used to transport timber and potash across the Atlantic. According to a description of one four-hundred-ton vessel, pigs on their way to slaughter had it better. The hold was seventy-five feet long and twenty-five wide. On either side of a five-foot alleyway were double tiers of

wooden shelves each ten feet wide and five feet long. Each shelf was supposed to hold six persons, allowing twenty inches each, but since two children under fourteen or three under seven counted as one adult, and infants didn't count at all, sometimes as many as a dozen were jammed into one ten-foot space.

Since each family must take care of its own feeding arrangements the passageway was jammed with chunks of meat, sides of bacon, pots and pans, in addition to settlers' effects. Often the only ventilation was through the hatchways, and these were battened down in rough weather. "We were shut down in darkness for a fortnight," one survivor related.

By 1850 a few improvements had been put into effect (one regulation stipulated that "adult passengers of different sexes, unless husband and wife, shall be separately berthed"). But

LOVE OF LEARNING

The school my son's attending
Inspires me with affection.
My little twig is bending
In just the right direction.

His teacher is outstanding
And keeps his schoolwork gay.
Oh, how his mind's expanding!
(What's more, he's there all day.)

JOYCE CARLILE

when Vere Foster in that year took a trip incognito as a steerage passenger in the Washington he found little actual change. The medical examination, he reported, consisted of a series of staccato questions: "What's your name? Are you well? Hold out your tongue. Pass on . . ." rattled off in one breath without pause for an answer. Only thirty of the nine hundred passengers received any water the first day out. Some were "cuffed and kicked" by the mates. To get near the cooking fires the passengers bribed the sailors. Those with no money didn't cook. Twelve children died of dysentery and starvation.

The ships were dirty beyond belief. The only cleaning below decks was scouring with soft sandstone. An immigration official reported that the ship Elizabeth Grimmer was so filthy that "after she'd been discharged from quarantine persons could not be had to go near her for three weeks and then only by extraordinary wages." Rats scurried about the holds, biting children and stealing the passengers' meagre supplies of food.

Many emigrants had typhus when they came aboard and the lice soon spread it to others. Few of the ships carried doctors. One hundred and thirty-six persons perished aboard the ship Avon on the way over. Of the four hundred and eighteen aboard the Alder-beron thirty-four died before they reached Canada. In April 1847 alone seventy-five fever ships cleared for Quebec carrying twenty-two thousand Irish. Many of them never made it.

North Atlantic storms took additional toll. Many ships were blown off course or wrecked. Vessels headed for Quebec finally docked at New York or even New Orleans. Many piled up on the rocks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Lonely stone monuments are still to be seen on desolate beaches, such as the one at Cap des Rosiers, Que., in memory of "Those Who Were Shipwrecked." The passengers who managed to make shore were taken in by the Canadian fishermen. To this day there are residents in these areas

BREAD HAS NEW IMPORTANCE IN CANADIAN DIET

Enriched Bread Assures Higher Intake of "Protective" Elements

Practically everybody eats bread—in greater or lesser amounts each day. If that bread is enriched white bread, made (as it must be, to bear that label) from enriched flour, then the daily intake of "protective" food elements is greater than it was before enriched bread was introduced last February.

Three important B vitamins (thiamine, niacin and riboflavin) and the useful mineral, iron, are now being added to Canada's fine white flour. Whole wheat bread is also, of course, a good supplier of these important vitamins and iron.

No Added Calories

How is the new enriched loaf different from its predecessor?

Only in one thing—its greater nutritional value. The new bread is the exact equal of the old, as the likeable, broadly useful, low-cost energy food that may play a part in every meal of the day. But the new bread has added vitamins and iron, which are rated as "protective" food elements. These add *no calories* to the loaf, are not fattening. Their function is to promote and help maintain sound health.

Naturally, bread offers very great scope for the easy inclusion (at no added cost) of these necessary vitamins and iron to the common diet.

Why not check up, then, on a few of the many ways in which you might include enriched bread in daily meals—beyond the basic serving of bread and toast?



Fondues—how good they are, with their big soft cubes of bread, savory custard and a character-ingredient like cheese!

Toast Cases

bread slices spread with butter or margarine, pressed into muffin pans and baked (or thick oblongs of bread scooped out to take a filling and similarly treated), add attractiveness and bulk to foods like creamed salmon, curried chicken and mushrooms, eggs and cheese à la King, etc. Food with a flair!



French Toast and savory or sweet sandwiches similarly dipped in seasoned egg and milk and fried to tempting golden color, will make a notable main dish or substantial sweet course.

Meat or Fish Loaves and patties you have liked for their open, porous texture, have probably been made with a good percentage of fluffy soft bread-crumbs in the egg-bound mixture.

Stuffings—their flavor is legion, but their chief base is bread! Dice and toast the bread sometimes, for a delightful difference.

Scallops—small toasted bread cubes layered with fish, poultry, white meat or vegetables and all layers moistened generously with a good cream or cheese sauce—are among the finest casseroles; be sure the top layer is a thick covering of big soft crumbs that have been tossed in melted butter or margarine, the whole dish baked until golden topped and thoroughly hot.

Croûtons—cubes of crisp leftover toast or newly-toasted diced bread—add to the appeal of a bowl of soup.

Sandwiches are "musts" for the carried lunch—excellent, too, for serving at home meals. Don't overlook the endless variety of double-decker sandwiches. Dainty sandwiches remain the best friend of the successful hostess.

Afternoon Tea Treat—spread toast with butter or margarine blended with sugar and a flavor-giver like ground cinnamon, grated orange rind, grated maple sugar; or use a honey or maple butter. Reheat the toast in the oven after spreading. Delicious!

Fancy-up those Menus

...with dainties from your Baker's assortment!



You've so little time to plan for variety on the table . . . and yet it's variety that turns meals into menus! So call on your baker—he'll be your menu-maker! Pick out a luscious pineapple-filled *Coffee Ring* . . . add a plateful of those munchy iced *Fruit Buns* . . . put in a rich fluffy *Chocolate Cake* for dessert tonight! Choose a treat from your baker for every mealtime!

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who speak only French but have names like Reilly or O'Flaherty.

When the ships reached port the dead were lowered over the side by ropes (one account states at one dollar a head), stacked up like cordwood and buried in hastily dug trenches on the beach. The living fared little better.

Most of the quarantine stations had been built in 1832, the largest previous immigration year, when 51,746 immigrants came from the British Isles following a minor famine and brought a cholera epidemic to Canada. Facilities were hopelessly inadequate. Grosse Isle, for example, was built to accommodate two hundred persons. A report for the week ending July 4, 1847, lists 1,817 in hospital, 144 deaths, and 42 bodies (chiefly children) brought ashore from ships. The authorities managed to round up fifty extra beds and a quantity of straw. A shed was built to hold sixty persons. Many of the sick and dying were sheltered under tents made from old canvas and spars borrowed from the ships.

One eyewitness described the fever sheds as "miserable affairs . . . most of the patients had dysentery and the stench was terrible. It was impossible to separate the sick from the well or to disinfect or clean the bedding. I have known poor families to prefer to burrow under heaps of loose stones near the shore than to accept the shelter of the infected sheds."

In view of the terror of epidemics in those pre-antibiotic days, officials and citizens of the Canadian ports were often heroic in their treatment of the immigrants. Doctors, nurses, clergymen and laymen risked and even lost their lives tending the sick. Most notable of these on Partridge Island were two brothers, Doctors W. S. and J. H. Harding, both of whom caught typhus. Twenty-three-year-old Dr. James Patrick Collins rowed out to the island to help his countrymen, caught the disease and died within a few days. At Grosse Isle twenty-two of the twenty-six doctors tending the sick contracted typhus. Four died. Twenty-two nurses and four priests also lost their lives.

An official report which states that "a large mass of indolence, pauperism and destitution and disease has been thrown into the Province," gives some significant figures. Of the 89,738 British immigrants (mostly Irish) in 1847, 30,265 had typhus while 10,037 died in quarantine or in immigrant hospitals in Quebec City or Montreal.

Eastern Canada has many stone and metal reminders of this greatest mass suffering in Canada's history. At Saint John harbor a Celtic cross marks the burial grounds of hundreds. At Point St. Charles in Montreal a huge rough stone with an iron fence around it was erected by the workmen on Victoria

Bridge "To Preserve from Desecration the Remains of 6,000 Immigrants Who Died of Ship's Fever AD - 1847-48."

What happened to the Irish after they got off the fever ships? They became part of the Canadian community; some with comparative ease, others with almost as much hardship and suffering as their crossing had caused them. But wherever they went they had a considerable influence on Canadian ways and affairs.

Most of those who landed in New Brunswick stayed there and found work on the docks. In winter they went into the forests to cut trees for the thriving timber and ship-mast trade. Irish benevolent societies assisted those who wished to go farming by providing basic provisions . . . usually a bag of salt and pepper, a sack of flour and an axe. Most of these settled along the St. John River valley. A group of unemployed mechanics from Dublin built a lumber mill and established the community of Mechanic, N.B. The mill, built entirely of wood except for the saw blade, was powered by water and operated for almost a century.

Many of the Irish who landed at Quebec and Montreal remained in Lower Canada where work was plentiful. A report on the arrivals of passenger ships during 1851 states: "Employment is abundant in almost every section of the province. A thousand laborers are now required in the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Junction Railroad to whom contractors offer from four shillings to a dollar per day. Domestic servants and farm laborers are also much sought after."

Many of the immigrants stayed in the cities. The 1851 census puts the population of Quebec city at 42,052 of whom no fewer than 6,344 were native-born Irishmen. By the census of 1861 that number had increased by more than a thousand. Even today the English-speaking population in the lower town is predominately of Irish origin.

Some newcomers found shelter with relatives already established in Quebec villages. Steven Broderick, for instance, and his eighteen-year-old bride, Bridget, arrived from Galway at the home of their uncle, John Ford, in Compton with exactly forty cents to their name. They prospered in the friendly community and one of their daughters, Mary Ann Broderick, later married a local merchant named Jean-Baptiste Moise St. Laurent. Their son Louis has since made quite a name for himself in Canadian politics.

Montreal had had a considerable Irish community since the beginning of the century and the new immigrants added greatly to it. In 1851 one fifth of the population of 57,715 was Irish. Still more came until in 1857 those of Irish origin claimed to make up one third of



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the total population of Montreal. Many of the Catholic Irish girls married French-speaking Montreal boys. Hundreds of orphans from the ships were adopted into Canadian homes (one priest reported bringing thirty orphans ashore and having them "taken up" within half an hour). Advertisements in Montreal newspapers indicate that the Irish were prominent in the wholesale and retail trade. Between 1851 and 1864 about a dozen Irish lawyers and doctors were advertising in each issue of one newspaper alone.

About half the immigrants—mostly Protestants from the north of Ireland—kept right on to Upper Canada. Many traveled up the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers by flat-bottomed boats while others made their way as best they could on foot, by oxcart or by stagecoach. But still hunger and want pursued them, as this item from the Kingston Herald in June 1850 reveals: "What is to be done towards relieving the numbers of immigrants who, having arrived here, are unable to proceed further for want of means? Every evening numbers are left on

our wharves who know not how to provide food for themselves and their families . . . We call upon some wealthy citizens to step forward and take a lead in devising some means of relief for those truly unfortunate people." The 1851 census shows Kingston to have 4,396 Irish-born inhabitants out of a total population of 11,585. An account from Ottawa tells how between June 1847 and May 1848 hundreds of Irish were arriving each week at the landing place at the juncture of the Rideau Canal and the Ottawa River opposite where the Union

Station now stands. They were in a frightful state and found what shelter they could under bushes, old tents and upturned boats. The area was described as being "knee-deep in filth." Typhus spread through the city causing hundreds of deaths. The population of Ottawa, then Bytown, showed 2,486 Irish-born out of 7,760 in 1851 and in surrounding Carleton County more than one third of the residents were from the Emerald Isle.

In his book, *The Great Migration*, Edwin C. Guillet states: "Citizens of the lake ports recalled with horror the sight of sick lying in groups on the open wharves and actually overrun with rats." Toronto got a supply of Irish to the extent that in 1851 more than one third of the population of 30,775 was Irish-born. Hamilton had about the same proportion of Irishmen. In these and other cities the newcomers picked up what jobs they could as ditchdiggers, domestic servants and coachmen. Many got into the traditional "Irish occupations" of policeman and bartender. A number of families followed the old-country tradition that one son enters the priesthood. Before long many Irishmen established themselves in the trades, in business and professions.

Some newcomers sought out relatives and friends on farms. One man named Cooper visited his brother near Brampton, Ont., and gave him typhus from which he died. Many hired out as farm laborers. A letter from John Clark, of Peel County, describes how a man could work for three years at twenty-five pounds, about a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and then buy land for himself. According to a publicity brochure put out by the Ontario government in 1883 many of these did exceptionally well. Patrick Gaerty from Monaghan, Ireland, worked as a farm hand in Peel, set up for himself and within a few years had land and equipment worth twenty-five thousand dollars.

Many of the Irish trekked north in groups to the less settled portions of the province where free land was offered. Simcoe, Victoria, Renfrew, Grey, Huron and other counties received thousands. Peterborough County which had been pioneered by earlier Irish immigrants (principally the Peter Robinson settlement of 1823-25) had 4,216 Irish-born out of a population of 15,237 in 1851 and gained a thousand new Irish before the 1861 census. During the Winnipeg boom of the Eighties many Ontario Irish moved to Manitoba.

Such a predominance of settlers from a country always noted for political strife and religious upheaval naturally had a tremendous influence on Canada. But unlike many of their countrymen in the U. S. the Canadian Irish did not try to fight the old country's battles by remote control. The Fenian movement, founded by Irish-Americans to support the cause of Irish independence, never got anywhere in Canada. When zealots from south of the border visited Montreal to stir up trouble they spoke to empty seats. In a speech in 1866 that great Irish-Canadian booster D'Arcy McGee stated: "I venture to say that they (Irish-Canadians) yield a larger aggregate of sterling worth, character and influence than the millions of our countrymen in the U. S. put together."

On the other hand they did bring their religious discord with them. About half the immigrants were Protestants from the north of Ireland and about half were Roman Catholics from the south. They opposed each other in everything.

Most of the Protestants joined the already large and powerful Orange

"Don't worry dad"

"...that set of Lifewall Dominion Royal Masters makes your car as safe as a car can be. If you had X-ray eyes and could see that Nylon inner Lifewall, Dad, you'd see what they mean about *positive* blowout prevention. Boy, what a tire!"

"That's why I bought them, son. They're the tires I've been waiting for. Blowout *prevention* . . . skid protection and *life* protection—all in one! That's a combination that means real safety for the whole family. We get up to twice the safe miles, too, without retreading! And that exclusive Curb Guard ends all curb-scuff nuisance and expense."

"Those Everlasting Whitewalls are what Mom and I like. Just look at that long, low, sleek appearance they give the car. Yes sir, I'll bank on Lifewall Royal Masters every time!"



Blowout Prevention • Skid Protection • Life Protection

Lodge and voted Tory almost to a man. The Catholic Irish usually took the other side. One community in Victoria County was typical of many. Just north of the town of Omeme is a concession road known as the "Orange Line." North of it in Downeyville lived the Catholic Irish while south of the line was solid Orange. It wasn't too safe for a "papist" to show his nose south of that line unless accompanied by friends well armed with shillelaghs.

On the Glorious Twelfth of July the Orangemen from L.O.L. 646 and other lodges got out their drums, white horse, peaked caps, ribbons and sashes and paraded through the streets. The boys from north of the Orange Line naturally came down and tried to break it up. Old-timers recall street fights that lasted for days. One story from nearby Peterborough (a city full of Irishmen) tells how a rash individual snatched the orange ribbons from a pretty lass during the parade. The Orangemen chased him downtown where he took refuge in a hotel. Then they brought a two-wheel cannon, old but still usable, trained it on the hotel and threatened to blow the place to pieces if the miscreant wasn't delivered into their hands. He was delivered. During an Orange parade in Montreal in 1877 a man named Hacket was killed in the street fighting.

Area The English Took Over

Politics were considerably livelier then than now, for which some historians give the Irish full credit. Professor A. R. M. Lower states in his book *Colony to Nation*: "That Donnybrook atmosphere still so marked in the public life of Ontario is attributable to the Orangemen." On election days both sides filled the town with banners and bands. Many landholders suspected of intending to vote the wrong way were forcibly prevented from getting near the polls. One old-timer described how a white chalk mark was put on the coat of a man who voted "wrong" so that he could later be beaten up.

Some historians consider the Orange Lodge to have been the most potent force and the toughest pressure group in Canadian politics. They claim that vital political questions were apt to be decided along strictly religious lines. Orangemen deny this and take credit for keeping Canada loyal to the British crown through trying times. Whatever the political significance of it, certainly between 1845 and some time in the 1890s there were more Irishmen in the country than any other English-speaking group.

But the Irish predominance was short-lived. By 1854 economic conditions had improved in Ireland and the population had shrunk to numbers the land could support. Emigration stopped. By 1901 there were more Englishmen in Canada than Irishmen. Few Irish came to Canada between 1901 and 1911 when the opening of the west brought thousands of English and Scots into the country. By 1941 the 846,414 of Irish origin in 1871 had increased to only 1,267,702—or just over eleven percent of the total population, compared with 25.8 percent of English origin.

So the Irish influx was as brief as it was violent. And if it hadn't been for spuds it never would have happened at all. The abundance of spuds produced the surplus Irish; the lack of spuds drove them here. Nobody can say exactly what their influence has been. But one thing is certain—without them our nation would be a lot less melodious, humorous, rugged and lively. For whatever else the Irish may be they are rarely dull. ★

Jasper Belongs To The Bears

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

envelope before he left, with the remark: "This will pay for the new toilet." It was a cheque for a thousand dollars. For months afterward Crosby inserted plugs for Jasper in his weekly network program.

On the other hand the attractions of Jasper are loudly belittled by practi-

cally everybody in Banff, one hundred and eighty-six miles south. Most Jasper visitors arrive via the Banff-Jasper highway, one of the world's most magnificent roads. Stopping for gas in Banff on the way north, they are likely to ask the filling station attendant how the road is. Jasper businessmen swear the dialogue runs like this:

Attendant: You're not driving up in that car, are you?

Visitor (who may be driving anything up to a 1953 Cadillac): Why not?

Attendant (shaking head): I hope you make it.

Actually the road is fair except after heavy rains and about one hundred thousand visitors manage to make it every year. About a quarter of them register at the Lodge; the rest stay at nearby bungalow camps or at one of the three hotels in town or pitch their tents in the government camping sites. Rates range from thirty-four dollars a day with meals, at the Lodge, down to a dollar and a half per week for tent space. Guests come from every state and province, with a sprinkling from overseas. Jasper can muster such loyal fans as Lord Alexander, who



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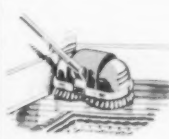


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Painted many of the mountain peaks; screen stars Harold Lloyd, Dinah Shore, Alan Young and Myrna Loy. Miss Loy bagged her limit of trout in the crystal-clear lakes that dot the valley floor.

Jasperites like to emphasize just how clear their lakes are by telling the hard-luck story of how the valley lost its private airline. Some years ago Bill Holland, a veteran bush pilot, figured that there should be a tidy profit flying the Lodge's guests to and from Jasper's far-flung points of interest. He bought a seaplane and cut a swath in the pines at one end of Lac Beauvert. Business was fine, but he had to give it up. Landing was too dangerous. On a calm day Holland couldn't see the water. When Beauvert's surface is unruffled the water is so transparently clear that canoes on it seem suspended in air.

Unspoiled nature around the rushing Athabaska has been tamed somewhat to suit present-day tourists. Visitors swim in mountain-stream water—but it is piped to the Lodge's cement swimming pool and warmed to exactly seventy degrees; they eat outdoors—but the food, including their catches of trout, is cooked to order by some of the finest chefs of the CNR.

One noted visitor, Lord Montgomery, preferred looking at mountains to climbing them. Monty's visit in 1946 was organized by the CNR's former publicity chief, Walter S. Thompson, who planned publicity pictures of the British military leader amid Jasper's mountain scenery. One morning Monty emerged to find a cavalcade of cars waiting to take him up Mount Edith Cavell, the dominating peak (11,033 feet) of the region. He looked at the cars, listened to Thompson for a moment, glanced up at Mount Edith Cavell, and said: "Yes, yes. That's a very pretty mountain. I can see it from here. Now what time does the golf tournament start?"

Although Mount Edith Cavell is one of the resort's biggest attractions, Jasper is not wholly pleased with the name pinned on it by the federal government. "Why, that mountain was once the best-known landmark on

the continent," says Fred Brewster, founder of Jasper Park Lodge. "It marked the Great Divide, and was called the Mountain of the Grand Crossing." After the first world war Dominion Surveyor A. O. Wheeler informed the government there was a large unnamed mountain in front of Jasper. The government promptly named it in honor of the heroic British nurse.

"They lost all that history," mourns Brewster. "I don't know what Wheeler was thinking of."

The golf tournament which interested Montgomery is the Totem Pole tourney held in September. It has become Jasper's outstanding sporting event of the year. It's so popular now that the Lodge has had to limit the entrants to a hundred and eighty-five and put them on a quota basis, so many from each state and province. This year, two months before the Lodge opened, there were already five hundred names on the waiting list. One irate bigwig, unable to get in, wrote to CNR President Donald Gordon: "If I don't make your Totem Pole tournament next year, I'll ship my next ten carloads CPR." (P.S. He still didn't make it.)

The memorable 1947 Totem Tournament featured Bing Crosby versus Gordon Verley, of Victoria. At the final hole Crosby and Verley were tied. Verley's third stroke took him within a foot of the cup. Crosby's second shot overran the green and put the cup out of his sight.

The crowd groaned. They had come from as far away as Edmonton to see the tournament and Bing. Crosby selected an iron. His relaxed chip shot looped high and curled into the cup—for a birdie three, hole, match, and championship.

Earl Haig opened the first Totem Pole tournament in 1925. On the fourth hole a big black bear, after watching Haig's brand of golf for a while, took over and swatted his ball down the fairway. Ever since then animals have felt free to use the golf course. The bears will sometimes sit on the benches and watch the golfers tee

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

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off. They take shower baths under the sprayers. One old mother bear found out how to turn on the sprinklers. She taught the trick to her two cubs and every morning the three of them would set out around the course leaving fountains of water in their wake. Finally Bill Brinkworth, Jasper's big easy-going greenkeeper, had to hire a man to do nothing but follow them and turn off the sprinklers.

A soft-spoken ex-Mountie with a square sun-tanned face, Brinkworth (Pop to long-time guests) is the dean of western greenkeepers. But even his long experience is challenged by Jasper. The wonderful tourist weather is a greenkeeper's despair. The sheltered valley gets very little snow or rain, and in summer the sunshine pours in eighteen hours a day. Brinkworth has a constant struggle to keep his grass from either freezing or burning. In 1942 frost killed every blade of grass on the course.

With spring, herds of two or three hundred elk hold their ritual dances on Brinkworth's soft and springy greens. In fall, the mating season, the fairways are a battleground for the great branch-antlered bull elk which slash the turf to ribbons.

The Jasper course was built in 1924 by the noted golf-course designer, Stanley Thompson, who incidentally won the first tournament. All Thompson had to start with was rock, bush and scenery. He blasted out huge boulders, used them for bunkers, tees and greens. Up in the mountains he built a concrete dam to feed a million gallons of water a day to his fledgling greens and fairways. He built a twenty-one-hole course where the biggest hazard of all is to keep your eye off the scenery and on the ball.

This was once especially difficult on the ninth hole. Thompson, who died last year, was a young man when he made it. He shaped the green, making strategic use of bunkers and other topography so that golfers teeing off beheld a huge recumbent female form. Thompson christened her Cleopatra. It was just a bit too daring for the CNR. They ordered some of Cleo's curves cut away, on the grounds that she distracted male golfers.

Guests at the Lodge are usually slightly outnumbered by the staff, six hundred and fifty strong. Three quarters of them are students working their way through university. With free meals and a room, a thrifty waitress can save up to five hundred dollars in the three months the Lodge is open. Feminine staffers supply the pulchritude for publicity pictures and liven up the place for the customers, facetiously described as "newly-weds or nearly-deads."

Thousands of students apply for the summer jobs at the Lodge. One qualification would appear to be possession of prominent parents. The Lodge help in the past few years has included Tony Abbott, son of Canada's Minister of Finance, Jennifer Bevan, former lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret, and Lady Rose Alexander, daughter of the former governor-general, who did a conscientious job in the office last year.

Jasper Park Lodge was launched just before the first world war, when Fred and Jack Brewster put up four canvas cabins on the shores of Lake Beauvert. The Brewsters are a Banff clan known as Canada's "royal family of the Rockies." Fred's father started as a guide in 1880 and with his six sons soon cornered a major share of the Rocky Mountain tourist trade. Early this century Fred and his brother Jack came to Jasper where there were more trees and fewer Brewsters.

After the war tourists flocked to Jasper in such numbers that Fred and

Gordie Howe says:



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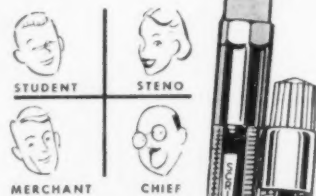
Toronto 4

it's an old **greek** custom

Perhaps the custom served some of the ancient playwrights well, but without doubt the Greek plays that are still read today were productions that stood on their own merits. Good things have a habit of becoming permanent — like Molson's in Canada. The Molson family started brewing their justly celebrated ale back in 1786. Today, Molson's is a Canadian tradition; and although it's one of the few things the Greeks didn't have a word for, you'll hear it wherever discerning Canadians gather — the phrase that's the open sesame to smooth, cool enjoyment, "Make Mine Molson's".

The highway is only a few hundred feet from the nearest glacier, the Athabasca, which is fissured by ice crevasses so deep you can toss a chunk of ice down and never hear it hit bottom. Guides tell tourists the eerie story of the newlywed couple who hiked up the glacier on their honeymoon. The bride fell down a crevasse and was never found. Fifty years later (always

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"just last year" in the guides' talk) the glacier discharged the contents of its crevasse. The bridegroom was sent for—a white-haired, wrinkled old man who fell on his knees beside the perfectly preserved body of his beautiful eighteen-year-old bride. Only occasionally does a tourist say, "Why, I heard that same story last year in Switzerland" . . . or in Norway, Alaska or New Zealand.

The man who knows the icefield best is a small, tough, nimble-witted New Zealander, Pete Withers. Withers is an ex-Royal Navy man who lost the family fortune in the stock market and became a park warden. At seventy-odd he still bicycles sixty miles on a Sunday afternoon and is an excellent classical pianist. His assignment is charting new crevasses in the icefield, or as he puts it, "keeping tourists from falling down the holes" in what he speaks of as "my icefield."

Perhaps the best-known man at the Lodge, apart from founder Fred Brewster, is its courtly doctor, Thomas Riley O'Hagan. Most of Jasper's residents under thirty-five years of age were brought into the world by Dr. O'Hagan, who used to visit his far-flung patients on a hand-car he pumped down the CNR line. His patients had to make a point of paying him voluntarily. The doctor has never sent a bill; often he has sent coal and groceries instead.

A few years ago, at seventy, Dr. O'Hagan was still hard at work, so Jasper's citizens showed their affectionate concern by giving him a birthday party, a large oil portrait, and a thousand dollars which they hinted should buy a well-deserved rest. The doctor obediently went to New York for a month—and spent every day at Columbia University Medical School.

Dr. O'Hagan's practice is probably unique in that every season he is called on to treat a number of bear scratches. These injuries are almost invariably minor, but one Lodge official has a recurring nightmare in which he sees a guest badly mauled. This possibility is partly the fault of the Lodge's lavish scale of catering. "The Lodge throws out enough meat," says one park ranger, "to feed the town of Jasper." Animals come from a hundred miles around to feed at the Lodge garbage dump and the management runs buses out to the dump every night at five o'clock. If the bears are in a playful mood, and they usually are, they will stand upright and toss tin cans at one another. The Lodge's publicity folders show guests holding out their empty hands to the bears. "If you hold out your hand with nothing in it," says a warden, "you're just asking the bear to take the hand."

Only once have Jasper bears beheld the strange spectacle of men taking photographs and shooing bears out of the scenery. That was when the Paramount picture *The Emperor Waltz* used Jasper as a stand-in for Alpine scenery and bears would have been out of character. For the duration of the

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shooting Jasper harbored two hundred Hollywood folk, including Joan Fontaine, the writer-director-producer team of Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, and of course Bing Crosby.

After spending more than half a million dollars in Canada Wilder asked if he could take back thirty lodge-pole pines. He needed some of these small thin native trees as background for his Hollywood studio shooting. Park Superintendent J. A. Wood wired Ottawa for permission. Ottawa wired back: NO. Wilder is thought to have dug up his thirty trees at night. But with about nine billion lodge-pole pines in the park it is difficult for anyone to be sure, and public opinion in Jasper felt that the place could do without the thirty little pines.

There are a few other characteristics that Jasper would willingly do without. Even Jasper's resident boosters will admit reluctantly that the park has shortcomings—but all are man-made errors of omission. Atha Andrews, co-owner of the Athabaska Hotel, complains: "If our guests want a cocktail, we have to send them to Ontario." Curt Kiefer, who runs an auto camp, says: "The three things Jasper needs most is roads, roads, and roads. Just the threat of a storm will empty the town of visitors. They're afraid the gravel roads will be washed out."

After the Fire, Banquets

For the Lodge, the greatest calamity came last year. On July 15, at the height of the season, an employee in the main lodge saw smoke filtering from a storeroom door. When he opened the door, fire belched out as from a flame thrower. In a moment it had flashed to the log walls' uncounted coats of varnish.

Manager Harold Gunning hastily posted a man on each bungalow roof. While they stamped out sparks, relays of girls ran to the lake, brought back water-soaked bath towels, and tossed them up to the men. Len Peters, Gunning's secretary, plunged back into the burning building to make sure all guests were out; he died next day of burns and shock.

The despondent guests sat around on their salvaged baggage. A million dollars in business hung in the balance. Gunning took over the caddy house as an office. He ordered buffet meals served in the golf clubhouse. No expense was spared; fruit was flown in from the Okanagan, lobsters and oysters from the Maritimes. Bruno Zapa, the CNR's temperamental head chef, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "For twenty-five years it is my job to worry about the little margin of profit the CNR allows itself on food. Now they tell me—feed the people regardless of margin!"

The guests took minor inconveniences in good part, all except one wealthy dowager who complained, "But I'm not used to carrying a tray." Hildebrandt, the suave headwaiter, drew himself up. "Madam," he said, "neither am I!"

Gunning was undecided whether to close the resort or to try to carry on. One American cheered him by saying, "What do you want to close for? I came here to look at the mountains and animals, not to sit in your lounge." The CNR prepared for an exodus. All next day a special train stood on a siding to accommodate guests who wanted to go. It rained that day, too—the only rain of the season—and the management was sure that would be the last straw. But when the train pulled out there was only a handful of departing guests aboard. Jasper had triumphed over disaster and remained a going concern. ★



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The Worm That's Wrecking Our Forests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

in Canada. At Nictau—busiest of the six—I stood in a control tower of unpainted planks on June 15 and watched Bob Thompson, its air-traffic controller, handle seven hundred and eight take-offs and landings during the day. On the same day at Toronto's Malton field, take-offs and landings totaled about four hundred, and Nictau that day flew only eight hours, Malton twenty-four.

Last year in the same area three hundred square miles were doused with DDT and the "kill" of budworms was an almost unbelievable 99.8 percent. This year's operation was almost eight times larger. It required five hundred men. It cost four million dollars.

It brought a new and colorful character to the Canadian aviation scene—the spray pilot who still flies "by the seat of his pants" in old open-cockpit planes, always so close to the ground that some claim they get nosebleeds when they climb to a thousand feet. These pilots roam the continent like gypsies, flying recklessly at barn-roof height when the weather is good, playing poker just as recklessly when the weather is bad. Regarding poker, one said: "In this business you begin to feel that you're not going to live forever and it makes you careless about money." But they never touch liquor, for they know their job demands the ultimate alertness and co-ordination.

Most are war pilots but a few are youngsters who have learned their flying since the war. They work about nine months of the year, dusting cotton in the deep south, spreading weed killer in Texas, spraying potato bugs in Idaho, orchards in British Columbia and Washington, dusting fertilizers on the prairies, spraying in numerous places for mosquito control, seeding rice in Louisiana. Many of them work into Mexico and a few each year reach the coffee plantations of Brazil. The pay is good, but few of them can afford the premiums demanded for insurance on their lives.

Most of them regard the forest spraying in New Brunswick as their toughest and most hazardous assignment. To keep the spray falling true and evenly they had to fly a scant fifty to a hundred feet above the tree-tops, weaving between the steep hills and diving low into the valleys. Even landings and take-offs were frequently hair-raising aerobatics in themselves, for the fields were short and narrow, some of them cradled between towering hills. Yet at the height of the battle, planes were roaring in and out of these airstrips so rapidly that sometimes for hours at a time there would be a landing or take-off every thirty seconds.

This year's stepped-up war on the budworm got under way late in April when twenty-seven entomologists, including six loaned by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, fanned out through the bush to keep tab on the budworm's emergence and development. Early in May spray planes in British Columbia, Oregon, California, Arizona and Texas began taking off and converging on New Brunswick.

Crossing the continent in short hops, because their range is limited to two hundred miles, flying by dead reckoning for a compass is the only navigational instrument they carry, they gathered first at Fort Wayne, Ind., then pushed on to Watertown, N.Y., to enter Canada at Dorval. By mid-May the continent's greatest mass move-

ment of small aircraft was completed and seventy-seven of them were lined up on the six New Brunswick bush airfields as the pilots waited for the go-ahead sign from the entomologists.

Each pilot was assigned his own area and he flew over it repeatedly until he could recognize every gully and high tree, so that when spraying began not an inch would be missed. Nictau, farthest south, was the first field to go operational.

The entomologists gave their okay on May 26. On May 27 at 3.30 a.m. Nictau's chief pilot, Abe Sellards, a

boyish twenty-five-year-old from Arizona, bolted his breakfast and hurried out to the radio shack to check weather reports. Spraying requires calm and cool air, for a breeze disperses the spray and rising warm air prevents it from settling. Rain will prevent spray from clinging to the trees, fog may trap planes in the air. The weather reports sounded favorable.

At 4.15 Sellards told the pilots to warm up the aircraft and load their tanks with spray. The planes were coated with frost and there were needles of ice on the runway puddles.

The pilots pulled parkas over their white coveralls and fastened football-type crash helmets on their heads. Everybody was running, no one walked.

At 4.30, when hills in the east were just beginning to emerge against the first grey light of dawn, Sellards took off to check conditions in the air. Only the red and green wingtip lights were visible as his plane lifted off the runway. The chief pilots, one at each airstrip, ride herd on the spray pilots, do not spray themselves, and fly radio-equipped Stinson monoplanes. The

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spray planes—converted U. S. Navy Stearman trainers—have no radios.

Sellards disappeared and the Stearmans lined up at the end of the runway like race horses itching to start. At 4.50 Sellards radioed in from fifteen miles away: "Let 'em go."

In the control tower, Bob Thompson began signaling the Stearmans off in twos with green flashes from his light gun. In five minutes all twenty of Nictau's squadron were in the air. It was still dark enough when the last plane took off that its pilot, Greg Quaddman, of California, could see the green flash of the light gun without turning toward the control tower. Not a minute of spraying weather could be missed, and the take-offs were timed so that each plane would reach its spray area with the first light.

The first Stearmans were back for a reload in fourteen minutes and for the next four hours they were roaring in and out at the rate of two a minute. By nine a.m. the air over the forest was warm and rising and Sellards grounded the planes until the coolness of dusk would permit resumption of spraying.

The other airfields were operating in a few days. Sometimes several days would pass during which there would be no spraying weather at all, and the pilots would wait restlessly, tuning up their planes, sleeping, playing poker. Then at a cold 3.30 a.m. the cookhouse iron would clang again and with the dawn they would be in the air once more, climbing over the ridges, diving down into the hollows, never more than a hundred feet above the trees. Behind each aircraft the white fog of "goop" boiled out like a comet's tail, sometimes gleaming in rainbow colors when the sun struck right.

Ed Batchelor, of Langley, B.C., a slight, former RAF pilot who had to work as a farm laborer during his first year in Canada, figures the job is tough, but not as tough as milking a cow. "I don't mind dodging barns and transmission lines because when you're doing crop work there's usually a place to crash land if you have to," Batchelor says. "But in this country there's nothing but trees underneath. If you have to come down, you've probably had it."

Yet the low landing speeds of the Stearmans give the pilots a fair chance, even in forested country. In the two years of New Brunswick spraying one plane has been completely wrecked and three badly damaged without a pilot being seriously hurt.

Bill Swanson, a California pilot, plowed into the bush near Budworm City—headquarters of the spray operation—last year and jumped free seconds before his Stearman exploded and burned. His only injury was a badly burned finger, but he was flying another plane next day.

This year two B. C. pilots, Ron Wells and Sandy MacDonald, trying to take advantage of the last minutes of evening flying weather, missed Budworm City in the dusk and became lost. Traffic-control officer, Harry Talbot, of Montreal, reported them missing. Radioman Owen Morris alerted the other airfields, where barrels of oil were lighted. The chief pilots took off and circled high above each airfield with lights blinking, hoping the lost pilots would spot them. After two hours Talbot called them in with a laconic: "They're down now. No fuel."

Meanwhile Wells and MacDonald had separated in the darkness and were scanning the black forest for a lighter patch that would indicate a clearing where they might get down. Neither had parachutes. Both came out into farming country as their gas-

oline was running low. Wells buzzed the main street of a small town several times until the citizens realized he was in trouble. A dozen people jumped into their cars and, with headlights blinking, they led him out to the only large field in the vicinity. There the cars lined up with headlights lighting the field and Wells dropped down out of the darkness for a perfect landing.

A hundred miles away, his fuel gauge reading "empty," MacDonald was still in the air. He had seen nothing but forest below for two hours when he came out suddenly to the farming community of St. Quentin. "I picked the first field I could find and put 'er down," MacDonald said. "It was a lovely field, except it had a fence across the middle of it."

The plane hit the fence, somersaulted, crumpled a wing. MacDonald, bruised but still conscious, released his safety belt and rolled clear, just as a farmer's wife ran up with a butcher knife a foot long. "I think she was disappointed to see me out of the plane," MacDonald said. "She was all ready to cut me loose before it caught fire. She jumped that fence like a deer."

Back in Budworm City's radio shack, Chief Pilot Herb Henderson, of Yakima, Wash., had been chewing the same unlighted cigar for two hours. When Wells and MacDonald reported in by phone Henderson exclaimed: "Every year I swear I'm going to quit this business, but every spring when the sky turns blue and one of them old Stearmans fly over, I sign up again. It's a hell of a disease."

Killer with an Alias

Ron Wells was less sentimental. "There's only one reason anyone flies in this racket," he said, "it's the money. You take the risks and you get paid well for it." Each pilot earned more than fifteen hundred dollars for the three weeks of flying in New Brunswick and when the job was done they took off immediately for the cotton fields of southern U. S.

With all their experience, the spray pilots had never fought a stranger foe.

For years the spruce budworm may practically disappear. Then, mysteriously and without warning, every thirty or forty years, the population explodes into an epidemic of countless millions. The present outbreak now at its peak in New Brunswick started in northern Ontario in 1937.

Yet the damage it does is inconspicuous and a forest may be practically killed before the budworm becomes apparent, except to the entomologists who are looking for it. Even its name—spruce budworm—is a camouflage. Entomologists now say it was misnamed, for its preferred food is balsam, not spruce. Spruce is attacked by the overflow population only, when there are not enough balsam to go around.

As an adult the budworm is a small brown-and-grey moth with a wingspan of less than an inch. The moths hatch from cocoons early every July and each female lays about two hundred eggs on the needles of balsam or spruce. About a week later the microscopic larvae, or budworms, hatch from the eggs and it is one of nature's strangest curiosities that a caterpillar which later displays such a voracious appetite waits almost a year before taking its first meal. Though it is midsummer, the newly hatched budworms spin minute individual silken cases, curl up their sixteen legs and go to sleep until the following spring.

By mid-May the hibernating budworm is getting hungry. It crawls out, burrows into a needle and since it is only one sixteenth of an inch



MACLEAN'S

My mother would like to borrow a cup of money—she's out of everything.

long with the diameter of a hair it finds plenty of room inside. After hollowing out two or three needles in its feeding it needs larger fare and rambles off on a long hike of two or three inches to the end of its twig and burrows into the terminal bud which contains the developing needles of that year's foliage. In early June the bud opens, the soft new needles flare out and the budworm, now half an inch long, eats heartily. But he's too big now to keep himself hidden and it is only during this last two or three weeks of his life that a poison spray can reach him.

When full grown in late June the budworm spins a cocoon among the needles and changes into a mummylike pupa. The transformation to an adult moth occurs, the moth hatches and another year's budworm cycle begins.

Entomologists sometimes find a quarter of a million budworms on a single tree. Spruce and balsam needles remain on the tree for five or six years and a healthy tree can lose its new foliage for three years in a row and, though weakened, can survive. But if a tree is robbed of its new needle crop for four or five successive seasons, it usually dies.

After a budworm killing, the forest is littered with dead dry trees which make fire prevention almost impossible. The fallen balsams make a perfect kindling, sooner or later lightning or a neglected campfire touches it off and the devastation the budworm started among one or two tree species results in the destruction of entire forests over vast areas. Most serious forest fires in eastern Canada got their start in areas of budworm kill.

And then, when the forest is leveled, the budworm plays his final trump card. Balsam reproduces faster than other species, and the new forest which succeeds will contain a higher proportion of balsam. The more balsam a forest contains, the more susceptible it is to later budworm outbreaks. So with every budworm attack, the budworm lays the foundation for a more severe attack in the next generation of forest which will mature fifty years later.

"In earlier years no one worried about the budworm because there was more wood than man could use," explained B. W. (Barney) Flieger, a big, blond former professor of forestry at the University of New Brunswick, now director of the spraying operation. "Until the pulp-and-paper industry developed twenty-five years ago, balsam wasn't worth much anyway. But now man and the budworm are competing for the same woodpile. Companies have to have long plans. Maybe a tract of forest isn't scheduled to be

cut for twenty years, but if the budworm knocks that forest out the company's entire program is disrupted. In the old days it was a case of hunting for something you wanted, cutting it, and getting out. Now we have to work with long-term plans to grow what we want."

By pioneering aerial spraying, "Operation Budworm 1953" was promising permanency to the new "sustained yield" system of woodland operations, and laying the foundation for a fuller utilization of Canada's forest wealth.

After the last big budworm infestation petered out finally in the Maritimes in 1923, there were only brief and sporadic outbreaks until 1937. Then that year another severe outbreak began north of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. It spread rapidly eastward in following years, more slowly westward, each generation of moths fanning out to leave their eggs in a constantly expanding area. In 1948 the budworm arrived in New Brunswick's balsam forests and by 1951 twenty-two hundred square miles were badly infested, a central portion of it so heavily that three hundred square miles of forest would die if the budworm attack continued another year.

"We knew we were in for trouble," recalls Flieger. "The New Brunswick International Paper Company had been holding much of this area in reserve. We hadn't taken a thing off it. It was vital to our future operations."

Two years previously Oregon had started aerial spraying experiments against the budworm in Douglas fir there, using old crop-dusting biplanes. Success was reported in small spray areas. New Brunswick's problem was much more difficult. Even the most heavily attacked three-hundred-square-mile area was much larger than anything Oregon had attempted, and the New Brunswick forest was isolated, with few roads, no airfields. But Flieger went to Oregon, studied methods being developed there, came back and said the job could be done.

The New Brunswick government agreed to foot one third of the bill if the New Brunswick International Paper Company would finance the balance and superintend the job. The company figured that that three hundred miles of menaced forest alone was worth one hundred and fifty million dollars and called it a deal.

No one hoped that the spraying would give New Brunswick a permanent and final victory over the budworm. The insect was firmly entrenched in the surrounding forests of Maine and Quebec and the moths would invade anew from the surrounding unsprayed areas. But by spraying they hoped to kill the budworms before the year's new crop of balsam foliage was destroyed. This would give the sprayed trees at least another year's lease on life.

The heartwarming success of the 1952 operations made the continuation and the widening of the war a certainty. For this year's operations, the federal government and three other paper companies joined forces with the New Brunswick government and the International Paper Company.

In the campaign this summer much of the two thousand square miles was sprayed twice. And now the entomologists are still checking on the extent of budworm kill. Will the pilots be meeting again at Budworm City in the spring of 1954? Or can Canada's busiest airfields be abandoned to revert to forest again?

"We'll know by fall," says Barney Flieger, "whether nature is ready to take over the battle of the budworm alone, or whether we'll have to help her for another year." ★

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What Should You Do About Tonsils?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"The time to remove tonsils is when the patient needs it. If you were doing the job in the back yard you'd have to worry about the weather, but operating rooms are warm and cosy." Brown once had the tonsils removed from a two-week-old baby, suffering from sinus complications, with no ill effects.

But the suggestion of an operation makes parents nervous. They think of the possibility of shock, of the voice being affected—and of the hemorrhage and anaesthetic deaths they've read about.

Why do tonsil patients die?

On June 23, 1952, George Gray, a four-and-a-half-year-old Toronto boy had his tonsils removed in a private hospital on Bloor Street by a surgeon who estimated he'd performed some fifteen thousand similar operations. Afterward George was put to bed and seemed to be doing fine. But later he became very pale and his pulse was weak. A nurse called the doctor but by the time he got there the child was dead.

Dr. Smirle Lawson, chief coroner of Toronto, reported that "the cut just wouldn't stop bleeding." A post mortem showed fifteen ounces of blood in the boy's intestine.

In August 1951 in a doctor's office on Bathurst Street in Toronto ten-year-old Helen Wasylewsky died of what was described by the coroner as "purely anaesthetic" causes. The doctor in charge stated afterward, "There is no reliable test for a person's tolerance to anaesthetic."

How many children die during or as a result of tonsillectomies? It is impossible to say. Sometimes the death is ascribed to some other condition such as heart trouble, for the relief of which the tonsillectomy was being performed. In 1949 when fourteen-year-old Nola Margaret Hammond, described as a "normal, healthy, active girl," died in a doctor's office from the effects of anaesthetic one minute before the operation started, coroner Lawson described it as "one case in ten thousand." In Great Britain there are an estimated eighty deaths a year as a direct result of tonsil operation out of a total of about one hundred thousand operations. At the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto where an average of thirty tonsillectomies a day are performed, five days a week, there hasn't been one death in over twenty years.

The tonsil operation has long been considered the simplest and most routine surgery. In his book, *Your Tonsils and Adenoids*, Dr. Martin Ross describes mass tonsillectomies in some American public clinics about fifty years ago. Screaming kicking youngsters were held down by a husky intern and the mothers while the tonsils were scooped out without benefit of anaesthetic. There was probably a certain amount of shock accompanying that procedure.

Many people will remember losing their tonsils on the privacy of the kitchen table at home or with plenty of company in an improvised operating room in a town hall or church. Thirty or so years ago it was common practice to gather all the tonsils cases, real or imaginary, in a district and have a wholesale cutting bee. Dr. S.H. Smith, of Streetsville, Ont., remembers one such held in a Presbyterian church during the first war, sponsored by the Women's Institute. Beds were set up behind screens. A specialist came from the city to do the snipping. The local

3D

The pace of the race with TV
Now quickens;
In every movie we see
The plot thickens.

JOYCE CARLILE

doctors handled the anaesthetic. "We did about twenty a day," Smith stated recently. "There were no complications."

Nowadays throat experts warn that the operation should not be regarded as a simple one. Dr. Whaley considers a tonsillectomy more involved than an ordinary appendectomy. A tonsil textbook lists no fewer than twenty-two possible complications, the most common of which are hemorrhage, heart stoppage and lung abscess caused by infected blood, pus or bits of tonsil debris getting into the lungs.

The Hospital for Sick Children has maintained its perfect record by guarding against all contingencies. For instance, considerable attention has been given lately to the possibility that shock and fear connected with an operation may lead to "behavior problems" later in life. Junior is told that he is going to have nothing more than a pleasant sleep. He wakes up with a flaming sore throat and a distrust of his parents. "The important thing in preventing shock or upset," says Whaley, "is not to lie to the children about what is going to happen." As an extreme example he describes one little girl who arrived at an English hospital all decked out in ribbons and bows in the belief that she was going to "a lovely party."

Ether Now Smells Nice

At the Hospital for Sick Children they provide the child with a coloring book called *Going to the Hospital* which describes the whole routine truthfully with phrases like "The nurse said lots of children throw up after their tonsils are out." Very rarely do they encounter a child who must be given a sedative before the anaesthetic. "We have more trouble with the parents," says Whaley.

Anaesthetic is an especially big problem in tonsillectomies because the surgeon is working in the air passages. Four decades ago ether was given through a cone held over the face. When the patient was unconscious the cone was removed and the operation begun. Often the patient began to revive before the job was done and ether had to be given again.

Continuous inhalation of anaesthetic has replaced the on-and-off procedure but anaesthetic deaths still occur. Medical men point out that when operations are performed in homes, doctors' offices and private hospitals the anaesthetic is sometimes administered by another doctor who is not a specialist in anaesthesia, and is paid out of the over-all fee charged by the surgeon. (In Canada today the usual minimum surgeon's fee for children is twenty-five dollars and up to a hundred, depending on whether a specialist is called in. For adults the fee is usually forty dollars and up.)

Anaesthetic administered by a non-specialist works well in most cases but when trouble is encountered—when the patient is an undetected diabetic or has a heart condition—there often isn't the skill or equipment available to avert tragedy.

At the Hospital for Sick Children anaesthetics are administered by specialists and staff doctors explain that

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techniques have been developed to the point where anaesthetics can safely be given to any child regardless of age or condition. They use ethyl chloride flavored with eau de cologne, followed by continuous inhalation of ether mixed with oxygen. Ethyl chloride is quick and easy on the patient. Also it permits rapid return of throat reflexes so that the child does his first coughing on the operating table under the watchful eye of the surgeon. But ethyl chloride is also very tricky to handle and in the hands of a doctor not especially trained in its use can be extremely dangerous.

The bleeding after a tonsillectomy is often so gradual as to be undetected and the child may keep swallowing without realizing what is happening. For this reason he must be watched and checked carefully for at least one day after the operation. At Sick Children's every child is kept overnight under the constant supervision of nurses.

Dr. Whaley maintains that tonsillectomies performed in homes, doctors' offices or small private hospitals are just not safe.

Contrary to one belief, the presence or absence of tonsils cannot affect the voice. A seventeen-year-old actress of my acquaintance plays the part of a six-year-old child on the radio once a week, a feat that calls for considerable vocal gymnastics. Not long ago she required a tonsillectomy. Several friends warned that her voice would be much deeper afterward. She went ahead anyway and found the operation had no effect one way or the other.

Dr. Ernesto Vinci of the Royal Conservatory of Music, a medical man as well as a leading singing teacher, puts it this way: "If they get in the way, have them out. It can only be an improvement."

This still leaves the basic problem. Should you rush Junior to the hospital and have those enlarged tonsils removed? From the evidence available, the following seem to be the safest and sanest conclusions:

1. If the tonsils are causing no trouble leave them alone whether they are enlarged or not. They provide some protection against infection.

2. Tonsils that are causing sore throat, ear trouble, swollen neck glands, loss of appetite, fatigue, mouth breathing, bad breath, tonsillitis or quinsy, should come out.

3. Tonsils should be removed in a hospital by an expert, with the anaesthetic administered by a specialist.

4. Tonsils should never be taken out during a polio epidemic or before a child is completely recovered from an attack of tonsillitis or quinsy.

5. Each child has different natural immunity to infection. What happened when Willie Smith had his tonsils out is no indication of what will happen to your child. Only a good doctor can tell if they should come out or not. ★



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Igor Gouzenko

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Bloor Street office. Gouzenko came alone from the home of a friend with whom he was staying, and whom Eustace didn't know. None of us could have traced him once he stepped outside Eustace's door.

I shook hands with a short stocky fair-haired man who, in spite of a receding hairline, looked rather younger than his thirty-four years. He wore a light grey suit of ultramodern cut—wide padded shoulders, long jacket—which accentuated his short square build. Though he apparently lives a sedentary life he looks like a man in good physical shape.

On the floor beside him was a suitcase full of large brown-paper packages. These turned out to be the manuscript of the new book, *The Fall of a Titan*—a novel of modern Soviet Russia which runs to more than eleven hundred manuscript pages. Gouzenko has been working on it for four years. He had brought with him great chunks of the original manuscript, written in Russian longhand on foolscap pages; also various drafts of the translation done by his old friend, Special Constable Mervyn Black of the RCMP.

When the introductions were over "Mr. Brown" went back to what he had been doing when we came in—squatting on his heels in a well-lighted spot to display some of his wife's paintings. One that he particularly liked was a bright red maple overhanging a quiet brook.

I suggested we might use it as an illustration for this article, but Gouzenko shook his head. "Too risky," he said. The scene was commonplace enough but several dozen people would be able to recognize it as a corner of a certain pasture in rural Canada.

Did he paint too? I asked.
"I paint in my spare time. I like to paint portraits of my RCMP guards; they have plenty of time to pose for me. Maybe some time it'll be possible to have an exhibition of these portraits. Incidentally, my neighbors don't know I can paint. I keep this secret—it is an identifying clue." (Gouzenko studied architecture in Moscow before he got his wartime job as cipher clerk.)

He showed me a loose-leaf sketchbook full of portraits done in pencil. I didn't know any of the subjects, but the drawing looked good. One was of Inspector Herbert Spanton, who'd been in charge of his security in the early days; Gouzenko tore it out, autographed it, and gave it to me as a souvenir.

Speaking of guards (he still has one most of the time, posing as chauffeur or handyman), what kind of life had he led during his eight years of qualified freedom?

Gouzenko shrugged. A good life; he was used to its restrictions and didn't mind them. As the conversation went on it appeared that his brief career as a Canadian had been even more remarkable and unusual than most people supposed.

When the Gouzenkos fled from their Somerset Street apartment in Ottawa on Sept. 5, 1945, they were quite destitute. Neither had anything but the clothes they stood in, and to complicate matters Anna Gouzenko was pregnant and rapidly outgrew her one dress. Those were the days of acute shortages when a man had to be a war veteran to be sure of getting a new suit of clothes. The RCMP had to concoct an elaborate story about a veteran whose house had burned down and left him practically naked in order

to buy complete new outfits for Gouzenko and his wife.

At first they lived in complete charge of the government and the RCMP, first at a Mountie's summer cottage and later in military camps. That was when Gouzenko was the star witness in the spy trials which resulted in the conviction of eleven men and women and finally alerted the West to the huge and menacing proportions of Russia's "attack from within." But long before the trials were completed Gouzenko passed from dire poverty to comparative wealth. By April 1947 he had completed the last of a series of transactions through which his book, *This Was My Choice*, brought him a total of almost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Cosmopolitan magazine paid him fifty thousand for serial rights. Twentieth Century-Fox paid seventy-five thousand for the movie rights. The book itself paid fairly well in royalties. Gouzenko was rich beyond the wildest dreams of a Russian cipher clerk. The man who in his first days in Ottawa had gone out and bought five pounds of grapes—"much much more than we could eat"—because he had never before been able to buy all the grapes he wanted, now found himself able to buy anything he wanted, absolutely anything.

Gouzenko didn't say so, but from the rather wistful way he spoke about his new book and the money it might earn I gathered that he has spent most if not all of his small fortune in the past six years. He still lives in a beautiful house and drives a better-than-average

KNOW HER?

She telephoned the other day
Her voice was honey-sweet,
And generally she's such a
snob
It swept me off my feet.
She flattered me adroitly—
I was purring like a kitty
And I wound up as the chair-
man
Of a very dull committee.

KITTY CALLOW

car but he no longer talks like a man with no financial worries.

What did he do with this sudden windfall of wealth?

"My first impulse was to give everybody presents. I was happy. I didn't realize how much a hundred and fifty thousand dollars was but I knew it was a lot.

"I myself never had any toys when I was a child. Some children had, even in Russia, but we were poor even by Soviet standards. My mother was a teacher and teachers get very low pay. At one time we lived in a single room with seven other people.

"So first I bought lots of toys for the children, every kind. That first Christmas after we got the money the house was filled up with them.

"I bought a record player, the very best, and lots and lots of records. One album I bought, what they called a limited edition, only a few copies were ever made. It cost twenty-five dollars. I remember how horrified our RCMP guard was at such a price for an album of records.

"Then I bought a nice house in the country. I don't like cities. Anyway, Canadian cities are not very big and in Canada the country has almost everything the city has to offer and a lot more besides. We have owned three different

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his back
on
babyhood



Let the coffee cool untasted,
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What does a mother say at times
like this? What word of counsel?
Of comfort? Of command?
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houses now, always in the country.

"We bought a car at the same time as we bought the house."

What sort of car? An ordinary cheap one, or an expensive make?

"It was a little above average price. I thought it was safer," Gouzenko began. Then he stopped and grinned, evidently realizing that he was talking nonsense.

"I guess it is mostly I like big cars," he said. "You can always find a good excuse for doing what you want. We have changed cars several times, the more changes the better. When we bought our second house four years ago and changed our name and everything, the RCMP were very clever at getting us new license plates."

At this point we all went in to lunch and the conversation became general. Among other things we talked about the trial and execution of the Rosenbergs, the man and wife in the United States who had given atomic secrets to Soviet Russia. I asked Gouzenko what he thought of the case. To my surprise he was very much against the Rosenberg trial, thought it had been very badly handled.

What alarmed him was not the verdict of guilty or even the sentence of death but the fact that some of the evidence was not made public.

"Once you start convicting people on secret evidence where will it end? What's to stop them from shooting anybody at all and putting it down to security reasons?"

"A democracy must not use the methods of a dictatorship, just as a dictatorship cannot use the methods of a democracy. Soviet Russia is finding that out right now in the satellite countries. They try to give a little freedom, a little relaxation of tyranny, and what happens? Riots and rebellions break out. Dictatorships cannot afford freedom."

"But democracies can't afford not to have it—all the protections of law for everybody. When things happen like the Rosenberg trial they are too hard to explain to outsiders. For one thing the Rosenberg trial might discourage people like myself who might be willing to help you by coming over to your side. They look at things like taking evidence in secret and they naturally wonder what is the difference between a free democracy and a dictatorship."

After lunch I asked Gouzenko whether he himself still lived in fear of discovery and revenge, or whether he now felt safe.

"In the beginning we were very suspicious of everything and everybody. Fear has big eyes, you know. At the very first we were afraid the Canadian government might give us back to the Russians—they didn't seem to know what to do with us."

"My wife was quite calm even then, though. She is a remarkable woman—she ought to have been a man," said Gouzenko, evidently intending a high compliment.

"Nowadays we don't feel frightened. The best rule is, always be on the alert but don't get panicky when danger threatens."

Didn't they ever get into unexpected situations? Suppose, for example, some neighbor had a guest who really came from the country Gouzenko now pretends to have come from and suppose the neighbor asked the Gouzenkos over to tea?

"All I can say is, fortunately that has never happened."

But if they felt so safe now why had they moved so often? Why had they bought three different houses in six years?

"No special reason. We didn't feel in any particular danger. Partly it was just to have a better house, better

location. Also, on the general principle that it's better not to stay too long in one place. The real danger is always the thing you don't see. People will notice something and you won't even know it."

"So—we moved. If I could afford it I would move even oftener."

Gouzenko said he hadn't lost money on his various houses. He always sold them for a bit more than he paid, but as he talked I began to get a picture of what had happened to the hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He mentioned buying a farm which he still owns, "which brings in some profit but not much"; he gave no indication of any other investment of any kind. Evi-



dently he had lived on his capital at a pretty high rate.

What did he do for vacations? Travel at all?

"We have traveled around quite a bit in Canada. The longest trip was a motor tour to Niagara Falls, the whole family. I do not go to the United States. There might be some mix-up about my documents, or I might have my picture taken. I am very careful about pictures—you are the first man who has seen snapshots of my house and my wife and children. About crossing the U.S. border, I feel 'Don't ask for trouble.' The feeling that I can go if I want to is enough. Maybe if I were forbidden I might fight like hell to go—I am also quite stubborn at times."

How did he spend his time after the first book was published and the money rolled in?

"No special routine. I can force myself to work very hard and long when I want to, but then I wanted to relax. I would get up at nine or ten o'clock. You can say I was sometimes very lazy. I might play some records or help my wife in the garden or maybe go to a movie."

"Then I would jot down ideas for the book. I was already intending to write as my life work. I would also read the papers, Canadian papers mostly but for a time I also read the Moscow newspaper Pravda very carefully."

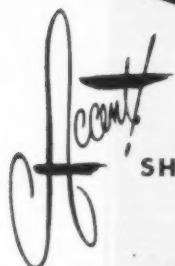
"It is quite surprising what you find in Pravda from time to time. One of the most horrible stories in my book came right out of Pravda, except that I watered it down. I didn't think Canadian readers would believe the things Pravda described. Pravda told about workers in a chemical explosive plant and how the fumes made them ill. It told how workers lay there in a fever for days, unable to move, and nobody paid any attention. They put these things in Pravda to make the workers in ordinary plants think at least they are not as badly off as that. It makes them more content with their own working conditions."

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We began to talk about the book, which was what Gouzenko had wanted to talk about in the first place. He is pinning tremendous hopes on it.

"I worked on it four years. The first book, *This Was My Choice*, I wrote in only four months. Six hundred manuscript pages, in Russian—I didn't pay any attention to style or anything like that. At the top of a page I would put some topic, and then I would write the page on that topic. Mervyn Black (an RCMP officer born in Russia of Scottish parents) translated it for me—it's a wonder he didn't ruin his eyesight trying to read my writing. I used to write it lying on my stomach under a tree. Everybody else would go swimming; I would force myself to stay behind and work."

Actually what Gouzenko wrote was the factual material for the book, a sheaf of memoranda. *This Was My Choice* was ghost-written. It is a third-rate piece of work. Even though I knew Gouzenko hadn't written the first one I expected his new book to be of similar quality.

On the day of our interview, five hundred pages of the final draft had been typed. I took them with me to read overnight, making an appointment for the following morning at the same place, same time.

As we drove downtown Margaret Blackstock, who has edited the Gouzenko novel for Dent's, said "When you make an appointment with Mr. Brown he never keeps it. He never comes at the time you set, he comes either earlier or later and often he changes the place." So I was not surprised when she telephoned later to say Mr. Brown couldn't come in the morning, but we'd spend the evening together at a different place.

The postponement gave me time to read all the five hundred pages of manuscript. To my astonishment it turned out to be an excellent piece of work. In the ghost-written *This Was My Choice*, real characters including Gouzenko himself look and sound like wooden puppets. In *The Fall of a Titan*, imaginary characters (and some real ones too, but in imagined situations) have the very breath and warmth of life.

It is the story of the last years of Maxim Gorky, the great Russian novelist who died three years after his return to the Soviet Union in 1933. Gorky was later said to have been murdered by his doctors and many people were executed for this crime in the purge trials of 1937. Gouzenko examines the mystery of Gorky's life and of his death—why such a man could have been an advocate and defender of the Stalinist regime; how and why he came to change his mind and fall silent; how and why he had to be killed in the end by the Soviet secret police.

In Gouzenko's book Gorky is called Mikhail Gorin, a Russian word meaning "mountain." Several other characters also appear under equally thin disguises—"Veria" for Lavrenti Beria, the deposed chief of the secret police, and several other less famous characters. Stalin appears as himself; his interview with Beria at an early stage in the MVD chief's career is a memorable passage.

But though Gorky's life and death

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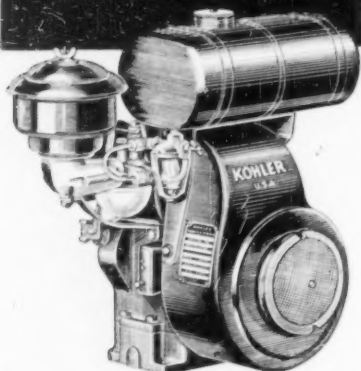
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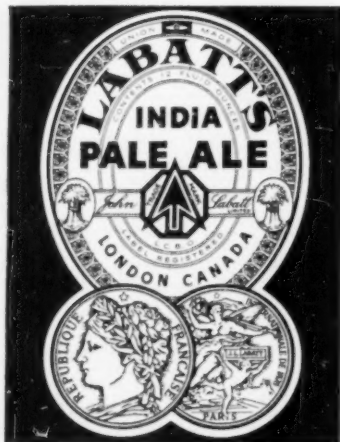
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A MAN'S DRINK

provide the core and central theme for the novel Gouzenko's stage is broad and his cast of characters large. Three or four whole families are represented, as well as a dozen or more minor characters.

This is the only novel extant of present-day Soviet Russia as it really is. Obviously, no one inside Russia could write it and no escapee so far has been able to paint such a large canvas full of such patently human, though sadly warped, characters.

When I finally met "Mr. Brown" the following evening and we went off to dinner together with his editor the talk was again of the book—how it had been written, what it tried to portray, which characters were real and which imaginary. This time there was no element of ghost-writing. Gouzenko had read every line of every draft of the translations and sent back voluminous corrections of his own.

In the course of a leisurely dinner, though, we talked of many things. Canadian politics, for one.

"I don't take a very active part in politics, except of course to vote," said Gouzenko, who has been a Canadian citizen since Sept. 1948. "I do think we should have stronger Opposition. Opposition should be strong and vigilant. I have seen the one-party system at first hand and this makes me think no party should have too big a majority. Keep government answerable for every step."

"Press, also, must be absolutely free and fearless. Must not be afraid to print bad things about government."

He thought George Drew had made a mistake in accepting, as leader of the Opposition, a privy councilship in the recommendation of a Liberal prime minister. "He'd be a privy councillor if he got to be prime minister himself, wouldn't he? Why does he take favors from the other party?"

I asked what he thought of the economic system in Canada, and of course he said he liked it. Gouzenko is a free-enterprise man: "People in Russia are kept working under the most horrible conditions by the fear of punishment or exile to concentration camps. Here in Canada much better results are achieved by competition—and all this without fear or pain. Without competition there can only be concentration camps."

Our Children Are So Polite

This was the attitude I'd expected, but I was surprised by his opinion of advertising. Despite his contempt for the radio soap opera and similar extreme cases, Gouzenko thinks advertising is "undoubtedly one of the greatest inventions of modern society. It keeps people abreast of the times and teaches them how to improve their lives. Things which were before mostly available only to city people are now known and available to farmers, thanks to advertising. The purpose and effect of advertising overshadows any faults that result from it by bad taste or the dishonesty of some people."

Both Gouzenko's children are now in school, and the elder has attended school in two different districts. I asked Gouzenko what he thought of Canadian education and how it compared with the Russian.

His answer astonished me: "I am most impressed by the discipline in Canadian schools. They are so quiet. In Russia the schoolroom is as noisy as a bear garden. Here the children are so polite to their parents and teachers. It is amazing."

"I think this is self-discipline; not from any particular training but because life is so much easier here. In Russia children are first of all hungry—

that makes them nervous and irritable. Then there is always a feeling of strain. Maybe the father is in danger of arrest or in trouble at his work—serious trouble, not trivial as it would be here. These things are all reflected in the behavior of the children."

Did Canadian children have more fun than Russian children?

"Play is about the same. There is more emphasis on games here, not so much on military training. In Russia the military games start young and are very realistic. In army play the children even peel potatoes as a punishment."

Didn't he have any criticism of Canadian schools?

"No, not serious criticism. My children like school. In the lower grades



MACLEAN'S

"The boys asked me to request some whole wheat for a change."

where they are I can see no serious faults.

"In the higher grades, what I have seen of them, I have the impression the teaching of some subjects is somewhat limited in outlook and perhaps even old-fashioned. Languages, for instance. In Soviet schools we learn English, German and French from the fourth grade. During the war it was useful to thousands of Russians to have even the limited knowledge of German that we got in school. In Canadian schools they teach Latin. That seems to me old-fashioned and of limited use."

One question I put with great curiosity: Had he acquired any religious beliefs or affiliation since he came to Canada? And if so, after a childhood under an atheistic regime, what impression did Canadian churches make on him?

"My children go to Sunday school like other children," Gouzenko said. "As for me, my neighbors go as often as I do—which is to say, not much. This does not seem very important."

"The first time I went to church it was very hard for me to grasp. I went quite often in the first years, though, and finally found some interest in it."

"Basically it must be good. It is preaching love—in Russia the basic thing that is taught is class hatred. It is better to preach love, preach what is good even if we do not always do what is good when we grow up. Better at least than to preach what is bad."

All through these two long conversations nobody had called Gouzenko by name. We spoke of him and to him as "Mr. Brown." As we parted on that second evening, I said:

"Well, good-by. It's a pleasure to have met you, Mr. Gouzenko."

He looked up with an odd expression, startled and also wistful.

"It is a long time since I have heard anyone call me by my name," he said.

We shook hands, and I left. ★



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

useful tenor who created the leading role in all his operas. They worked together, walked together and were inseparable. Like monks they took the vow to serve only the god of music. In such a monastery there was little place for women.

And now as we approach the astonishing story of the Coronation production of *Gloriana* I must introduce a third young man, no less a person than Lord Harewood, elder son of Princess Mary and, therefore, a cousin of the Queen.

His father was a man of parts, a brave soldier, a connoisseur of the arts and a rich Yorkshire landowner. The son inherited much of his father's sensitivity and he also acquired a reasonable sense of superiority from being related to the Royal Family.

London was mildly startled when he married a beautiful young Austrian Jewess of no social pretensions. She was, however, a musician and I can assure you that she is very lovely.

The Two Elizabeths

Almost before we knew what was happening the youthful Lord Harewood began making his influence felt in the world of music. He founded a high-brow musical magazine, he wrote high-brow articles for the *Daily Mail* until someone stopped them, and he began to have a big say behind the scenes at Covent Garden with its state-aided opera and ballet.

Therefore it is not to be doubted that he was the ruling spirit in the plan to commission his friend Britten to write the Coronation opera. And soon it was announced that Britten had accepted the command and that he would do an opera on the theme of the love affair of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex in the sixteenth century. Thus we would have the first Elizabeth on the stage and the second Elizabeth in the royal box.

I apologize for mentioning my own part in this story but as it progresses you will see that it is unavoidable. At the time that the theme of the new opera was planned I wrote in the *Sunday Express* that the opera could hardly end in a love duet in the normal manner since Elizabeth was thirty-three years older than her lover. However, nothing could deflect Lord Harewood and Benjamin Britten. And we were somewhat reassured when we heard that the opera was to be called *Gloriana*. Obviously Britten, like the great Lord Tennyson, was going to do the expected thing and glorify the greatest sovereign in England's history.

The time chosen for the first performance was on the Monday following the Coronation. The visiting Commonwealth prime ministers were invited, so were the senior ministers of the British government and a lot of peers and peeresses. In fact you could have sold tickets at fifty pounds each. I was delighted when a huge invitation arrived with two tickets in the third row of the orchestra stalls and the admonition to wear medals and formal evening dress. We were also told to be in our places by 7.30 p.m. so as to clear the way for the Royal Family.

In the half-hour wait we had free champagne at the bars—except that as taxpayers we were paying the cost of the whole affair—and then we strolled into our seats. Just in front of us sat Sir James Dunn and his nice wife and, leaning out of a box, was that elegant Montrealer J. W. McConnell. I rather think that George Drew was

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Grace Sinclair, his wife, who is never sure she really knows the man she married;



Victoria Rider, the wild child of the foothills who promised so much and fulfilled so little.

In his minor characters, Mitchell has effectively mingled the tender with the Rabelaisian. There is *Ezra Shot-Close*, the Indian evangelist who verbally rewrites the Old Testament for his people; there is *Old John*, whose greatest thrill in life is an unlimited supply of raisin bread. And there is *Raymond Blaspheme* who stole off with Sam Bear's daughter—and what was more important, Sam Bear's horses.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



William Ormond Mitchell is the first Canadian novelist to win one of the recently established \$5,000 Maclean's Novel Awards. His first novel, *Who Has Seen The Wind*, won the IODE Foundation Award for 1948 and a recent Maclean's short story of his was named the best Canadian short story of 1952. His work has appeared in the O'Brien collection of Best American Short Stories and his *Jake* and *Kid* magazine and radio series has brought him national recognition. He is married, has two sons and lives in High River, near the country where his new novel has its setting.

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among the political nobs, but, at any rate, Louis St. Laurent was undoubtedly sitting close to Premier Bob Menzies of Australia.

Lord Salisbury, the leader of the House of Lords and head of the Cecil family, had a possessive look in his eyes, for his ancestor, Lord Burleigh, was Elizabeth's chief minister. In fact it was Burleigh who insisted on beheading Mary Queen of Scots.

Mr. Speaker Morrison of the British House of Commons looked apprehensive. In private he plays both the fiddle and the bagpipes but how would he respond to this new cacophonous music of the ultramoderns? The only politician who seemed unworried was Premier Nehru of India. He has lived so long on the edge of a volcano that even Britten's music would be unlikely to frighten him.

In fact this was not a normal opera audience at all. Politicians are notoriously tone deaf and when the late Arthur Balfour led the Conservative Party he was regarded with deep suspicion because he played the piano beautifully. No wonder the Tories finally deposed him. For such an audience an all-star production of *Merrie England* or *The Yeomen of the Guard* would have been just the thing. And what a night of enthusiasm it would have been if either had been chosen!

Six heralds with golden trumpets appear in front of the curtains. A hush comes over the beautiful old house. The Beefeaters—that is the Yeomen of the Guard—stand at attention in the aisles. The rest of us get up and turn around to face the royal box which had been constructed in the centre of the dress circle.

In comes our pretty Queen looking as fresh as a debutante; then her husband, her mother, her sister, Princess Mary, and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent. From the vast orchestra in the pit there is a roll of drums and the brass blares the opening notes of the national anthem.

But what is going on? What has happened to the good old tune? We try to join in but the trumpets have gone off on a spree and the violins have almost no relation to anything. I glance at my program and see that this is a new arrangement by young Sir William Walton, a deadly musical rival of Britten's. "It should be *Disarranged* by Sir William Walton," growled a critic behind us.

However, all things come to an end and we sat down. The lights slowly dimmed and with a blasting discord from the orchestra the curtain went up and we settled in our places to watch the unfolding of that incredible reign which began with England in the slough of despair and ended with England master of the world.

What opportunities it presented to Benjamin Britten whose genius had been nurtured by the sea! He could give us Drake returning from the Spanish Main in the *Golden Hind* and sharing the swag with the Queen. We could have the orchestration of the wild storm that drove the Armada ships to death on the unfriendly Scottish shores. He could even give us Drake insisting upon finishing his game of bowls and thus establishing the supremacy of sport in England. And we were almost certain to have Master Shakespeare and his actors performing at the palace, for were they not the Queen's Players? As for the Queen's speech at Tilbury: "I know that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England, too," it was an obvious certainty.

But we got none of it. Instead we had the love story of the ageing Queen who was furious because the youthful

Essex had married. We had ballet and wonderful scenic effects and gorgeous coloring but the story was tawdry and uninspired. Yet disillusioned as we were the climax of the story was to shock us.

Essex comes upon the old Queen when she has removed her red wig, showing her to be almost as bald as an egg. It was a hideous sight but Britten and his librettist even went so far as to give us the impression that the Queen did not sentence Essex to death for treason—but because he had discovered her baldness.

So the opera came to an end, with hardly enough applause to keep the curtain up long enough to distribute the flowers to the leading singers and



dancers. Hurriedly the orchestra replayed Sir William Walton's disarrangement of the national anthem and we emerged into the famous vegetable market like mourners left out of a will. Incidentally we were not the only audience. The whole thing had been broadcast by the BBC.

At two o'clock in the morning I sat down in my study to write about it and sent it off to the *London Evening Standard*. I shall not inflict the whole article upon you but here are the concluding paragraphs:

There are some delicate and exciting passages in the score of *Gloriana*, yet for minutes at a time—minutes piled upon minutes—it was as clamorous and ugly as hammers striking steel rails. No melody emerged, no tune, no beauty...

My head throbbed with the clangor until I longed for the opera to come to an end. It is all very well for Britten in his splendid arrogance to declare that he will borrow nothing from Wagner nor follow Strauss into his purple heavens but to deny the sensuous and the beautiful is to deny the very place of music among the arts. As for myself, I would rather sit in a boiler factory than listen again to the music of that last act.

If I had exploded a bomb in Piccadilly it could hardly have caused more commotion. That inelegant reference to the boiler factory really went to town. For a brief few days I enjoyed a popularity (and a hatred) which was startling. Then the test match began and cricket resumed its calming sway over the British temperament.

Perhaps some day *Gloriana* will be regarded as a great opera and future generations will wonder what kind of savages we were who could not appreciate the genius and the beauty of the score. It may indeed be true that our judgment was partly swayed by the embarrassment caused to our lovely young Queen when Britten unwigged the other Elizabeth and made her a pitiful old woman consumed with jealousy.

At any rate Britten has added a new expletive to our language. When golfers miss a short putt, or a backer sees his horse pipped at the post the oath "*Gloriana!*" shatters the air. It will be a long time before the Arts Council, with the taxpayers' money, will commission another opera. ★

The Two Millionth Customer of the Bank of Lower Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

about the project the more he was worried by its implications. He saw a dozen ways in which the bank's reputation might be besmirched, and he decided to keep a close eye upon its author and executant.

CHARLEY STAGG was proud to belong to what he reverently entitled P.R. He believed in it, not merely as an activity profitable to Charley Stagg or the Bank of Lower Canada, but as good in itself. Public relations was a religion, a Christian religion of course, and he was a high priest—a canon, a bishop-to-be. His presence spoke of his calling. He was not a big man but he had the gift of enveloping those he addressed; he flowed over them, warm, friendly and encouraging. Every word he uttered, he once remarked, was measured against the Golden Rule.

It was in this spirit that he answered the president's summons to discuss with him the two millionth customer. "You see, we are not just a bank, Mr. Spalding," he explained. "We are part of this immense thing called Canada, which is a way of life as well as a geographical expression. So the announcement of our two millionth customer will have a significance far exceeding the mere statistical fact. It must arise from the intimate relationship existing between the Bank of Lower Canada and whatever is good and great about our country."

"Very fine sentiments, Mr. Stagg."

"I envisage the whole ceremony, sir, as a tribute to the Canadian family, the Canadian home. The hearthstone is our foundation stone. Whomever we choose to stand as the symbol of the two million—Mr. and Mrs. Two Million, you might say—must make this shiningly clear. A youngish couple with two or three children would, I think, be most desirable."

"You would not leave it to chance?"

"Oh, no, sir. Everything must reflect our public relations policy."

"So you have other qualifications?"

"Quite a number, sir. For example we need a man who is well regarded in his community, established but not obviously wealthy. He and his wife must both be photogenic, as well as the children. A churchgoer of course, and it would help if he belonged to one or more service clubs. He must be able to express himself in public." Charley Stagg, noticing how Mr. Spalding nodded his receipt of each point, warmed to his exposé. "I have considered the question of national origin. Naturally our ideal would be someone with a name like Robert Martin, which sounds right in both English and French, but we cannot expect too much."

"I quite agree."

"It was suggested that we have a Mr. Two Million and a M. Deuxième Million, separate people, but I'm afraid that would look rather obvious. And as the bulk of our customers are English-speaking we must give them priority. But perhaps we should select a Roman Catholic in compensation." There was a pause. "What do you think, sir?"

"On the whole, Mr. Stagg, I would be flexible. The Almighty Himself is generous in His conditions for salvation. Let us follow His example."

Planning and organization proceeded rapidly. Speed was indeed essential, for no word of the project must leak out

before it burst upon the Canadian public; the Bank of Upper Canada could not forestall but it might try to sabotage. Charley Stagg drew up a report form for distribution to the bank's five hundred and thirty-one branch managers. When D-Day was declared, they would begin to record on the form the details of any likely candidate among their new customers, and would go on doing so until Charley Stagg declared the selection of Mr. Two Million. The forms—which covered such subjects as size of family, occupation, financial standing, home owner-

ship, church and club affiliations, appearance (outstanding, good, ordinary) and public-speaking ability were to be regarded as top secret and air-mailed to head office at the end of each day.

The branch managers received their instructions with varying reactions. A small percentage at once consigned the forms to the wastebasket and a few more told their secretary to lose them in the files. The majority called in their accountants to "take care of this public relations stuff." But there were a handful of keen young men who knew opportunity when they met her face to

face. They waited eagerly for D-Day and the chance to show head office that they were right on the ball. Indeed, one or two prepared suitable candidates in advance from among their more qualified acquaintances or deserving friends.

Steve Hatchett, manager at the delightful Ontario market town of Haddington Falls, did not go so far as this, but he gave a lot of attention to the project. Thus he saw with bitterness that the only new accounts opened in his branch on D-Day morning belonged to a teen-age girl with a pronounced lisp and an elderly farmer

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who was reputed to beat his wife. But he had just come back from lunch when he was called to the counter.

"Mr. Hatchett, this lady would like to open an account with us."

She was a tall woman, one could almost say a big woman, of thirty-five or so. She was very fair, and had both a presence and an engaging smile. Clutching her coat was a little girl, darker than her mother, who had the same smile and the same restful grey eyes.

"My name is Jones—Mrs. Marian Jones. My family and I have just come to Haddington Falls. We've taken one of the new houses on Cedar Avenue."

"Yes, yes, a very nice district. Mr. Jones is working here?"

"I'm a widow."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones, I . . ."

"Later I may be opening a dress shop. I had one in Toronto for some years. But for the moment I'm thinking only of a personal account."

"Well, of course we shall be delighted to do anything we can for you." Steve Hatchett's hopes, which had fallen momentarily at the news of his customer's widowhood, were beginning to rise. For what better institution was there to protect the widow and the orphan than the Bank of Lower Canada? Surely this was Mrs. Two Million, with her delightful daughter and her own charm? "What a sweet little girl that is," he said. "Have you any other children?"

"Oh, yes. Jenny has two brothers."

THERE FOLLOWED an enjoyable conversation during which his new customer opened her account with a sizable cheque on a Toronto investment house, and Steve Hatchett collected some promising data for his report sheet. Though not wealthy Mrs. Jones was obviously not in need, and she drove away in a nice little English car. Steve, a very happily married man, found himself looking forward to their next meeting.

He had no other useful candidates, and the more he thought of Mrs. Jones the surer he was that he had hit the publicity jackpot, provided head office could be persuaded that a typical Canadian family might exist without a father. To reinforce his suggestion he sent Charley Stagg a personal letter in which he emphasized the emotional impact of the widow - and - orphan theme. He added that there was a promising small-business reference in the proposed dress shop.

Charley Stagg prided himself on his imagination. Steve Hatchett's letter appealed deeply to this imagination, which was peopled with grateful, cheerful men and women continually praising the benevolence and efficiency of the Bank of Lower Canada. Here, he saw, was the extra twist, the something different which would raise the whole story another notch above the ordinary and command a correspondingly larger share of column inches. Indeed, this brave little woman was not only the key figure for his set piece but the theme of an advertising campaign which could make the bankers of Upper Canada look like a nest of mean-minded money-grubbers. At once he hurried to lay Steve Hatchett's letter on the general manager's desk.

"I like it," said Blake Jopson. "Good-looking woman and kids. Just what we need. But check with Mr. Spalding, will you?" He paused and winked. "And let me know if the old boy has any objections."

"Yes, Mr. Stagg," the president murmured as he lit his cigar, "I grant you it's a charming conception. Though not perhaps so original as you claim. And provided the lady is agreeable, I, myself, have no serious objections."



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Charley Stagg telephoned Steve Hatchett to congratulate him on his perspicacity and request him to secure immediately Mrs. Jones' co-operation. "I'm up to my neck, Steve," he said, "or I'd come down myself. So we're relying on you. Don't let us down, will you, boy?"

And Steve Hatchett, who saw the next rungs of the ladder materializing before his eyes, answered emotionally, "You bet I won't."

He drove out at once to Mrs. Jones' new home. Two brisk and sunny-faced boys were playing out front. Mrs. Jones in a pleasantly flowered apron welcomed him indoors.

"I've been baking," she said. "Oh, no, you don't disturb me. Everything's in the oven now."

The house was tastefully furnished, the smell of baking quite delicious, the coffee she served him as good as he had ever drunk. Encouraged by the atmosphere, he made his proposition, insisting that the bank would meet all expenses and provide the family with suitable gifts. The publicity, he added, might be a great help in launching her dress shop.

"Well, Mr. Hatchett, I just don't know."

She sounded serious but a little coquettish, as if she might be persuaded. So he spoke of the role of the Bank of Lower Canada, the way of life it represented, and he mentioned too the keen, healthy competition with the Bank of Upper Canada. Then she smiled and remarked, "As a business-woman myself I see just what you mean."

"I'm so glad . . ." he began.

"I tell you what, Mr. Hatchett, give me this evening to think it over. I'll call you in the morning. Now do have another cup of coffee—with one of these cookies."

He had never waited so tensely for a phone call—not even before his marriage. He sat at his desk and snapped at his subordinates. At eleven-thirty Mrs. Jones released him. "Yes, Mr. Hatchett," she said, "I've let you persuade me. You and the boys, for they insist on their trip to Montreal."

THE NEXT ten days were the most feverish Charley Stagg had ever known. There were invitations to be mailed, press releases to be prepared and speeches to be written. There were conferences with the newsreels, the radio and TV people, ties-in with the big stores which would provide the family presents, souvenir menus and seating arrangements, and delicate negotiations to secure the best ministerial representation. The keen interest shown by the president was a further complication. Mr. Spalding summoned him every day to report on his activities, insisted on censoring each speech and press release and reorganized all the seating arrangements. "I'm afraid, Mr. Stagg," he remarked, "that you find my interventions a trifle tedious. But I cannot entirely abdicate my responsibilities, or forget a lifetime's devotion to such matters as dignity and protocol." He showed signs of enthusiasm only when he saw some pictures of Mrs. Jones and her family. "A fine figure of a woman," he remarked with approval.

Perhaps it was Mrs. Jones' personal charm, evident even in those not-too-expert photographs from Haddington Falls, that stirred Jonathan Spalding to further interest in her.

"Oh, Mr. Stagg," he remarked, looking up from the latest list of acceptances to the luncheon, "I don't think I ever saw the report that was sent in about Mrs. Jones' background. D'you remember what it said about her husband?"



Charley Stagg took time to answer. "He—he was in business, I believe, sir."

"Indeed? I'd like to see the exact details."

"Actually there's nothing in the report, sir. Mr. Hatchett told me on the telephone. The report merely says that Mr. Jones is deceased."

"I see. Well what do we know about Mrs. Jones' own history?"

"She deposited a substantial cheque with Mr. Hatchett to open her account. It represented, I understand, the proceeds of the sale of her dress shop."

"You have the name of that shop?"

"No, no, sir."

"Then your knowledge of Mrs. Jones before she turned up in Haddington Falls consists of a few general impressions gleaned by Mr. Hatchett?"

Charley Stagg found it difficult to answer. "That is so, isn't it?"

"Mr. Hatchett was very impressed with her."

"As a trained banker, Mr. Stagg, I seek a foundation for my personal impressions. I'm afraid Mr. Hatchett is still somewhat impulsive."

"Shall I ask him . . . ?"

"No, I think not. You can leave this matter in my hands."

HE HAD been moved first, Jonathan Spalding admitted to himself, by natural human interest, but now his professional instinct was aroused and he telephoned the manager of the main branch in Toronto.

The answer to his queries arrived only on the morning of the reception. Jonathan Spalding and Blake Jopson were already conducting the two ministers on a ceremonial tour of the bank; they had reached the board room and its portraits of past presidents when an agitated secretary, casting decorum to

the winds, dragged Mr. Spalding away from his guests.

There was thus irritation in his voice when he sat down to the phone, but it changed quickly to the deepest interest, in which concern was mingled with something that might have been taken for self-satisfaction. "Yes, yes," he murmured, "you don't say. You're certain, absolutely certain? Five years ago? Oh, May twenty-third. Thank you very much, Mr. Mortimer. I'm sure you've been most discreet in your enquiries. It would be a good idea, I think, if you forgot they were ever made."

Mr. Spalding returned to his guests in time to hear the general manager explaining, "That space is reserved for our president himself."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but might I have a word with Mr. Jopson?"

"Yes, Jonathan, what is it?" It was not the tone that the general manager ought to have adopted toward the president, but he let it pass.

"I think you had better know, Blake, who Mrs. Marian Jones, our Two Millionth Customer, actually is."

"What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Jones owned a dress shop in Toronto. It was called Chez Marianne. She is also a widow."

"We know that, Jonathan."

"Her husband, though this thank heavens was never common knowledge, was a certain Gentleman Jones. He was shot to death by the police on May 23, 1948, when attempting to hold up the Bloor and Yonge branch of the Bank of Upper Canada."

"What!" For the first time Jonathan Spalding saw the iron jaw drop.

"Just that. Mr. Stagg, who I may remark is not a banker, did not deem it necessary to look into the lady's background. I called Mortimer in Toronto, myself, and he secured this information."

"But she's due at Windsor Station in just under an hour. We've invited the press. The newsreel men are in the banking hall. The ministers have already sent their speeches to the agencies."

"I am not suggesting that you cancel your ceremony, Blake. It is unhappily too late for that, and I blame myself for not appreciating earlier the full incompetence of your Mr. Stagg. But you will, I'm sure, realize what could happen if the public or even our Toronto friends should learn these facts."

The general manager was in agony. "What shall we do, Jonathan?"

"What shall we do?" Jonathan Spalding savored the phrase. "First I'd advise you and Mr. Stagg and everyone concerned to exercise the greatest caution from now on. I shall have to take over myself, and I'll spend as much time at Mrs. Jones' side as possible. Yes, we must go through with the business—expeditiously and discreetly."

"Shouldn't we tell Mrs. Jones to be careful about what she says?"

"I think not, Blake. It is my impression that Mrs. Jones has put the whole unhappy episode out of her mind. It would be neither civil nor charitable to remind her of it. After all, we thrust this role upon her."

THERE WAS some adaptation of the ceremonial. The president himself went to the station to welcome Mrs. Jones and her family, instead of the general manager, and then formally greeted them as they entered the banking hall. While the young Joneses, delightful, well-conducted children, were being shown the sights, such as the piles of notes and sacks of coinage in the vaults, he escorted their mother to the board room for a brief pre-luncheon cocktail party. This was to



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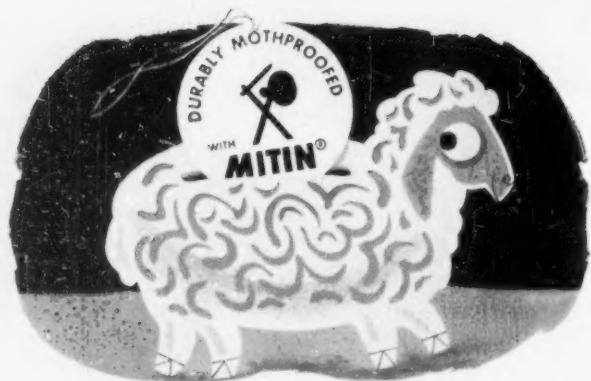
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"It's nothing, really — I just threw it together."

have been the job of the general manager, leaving the president to devote himself to the cabinet ministers. His attention to his guest during the cocktail party caused the Head of Ontario Credits to comment to the Assistant Secretary, "The old boy's smitten. I never thought he could be."

It was just as the party was leaving for the Sandringham Hotel that a balding man in a dark grey suit surged up to Mrs. Two Million and clasped her hand. "My dear Mrs. Jones, I'm so glad to see you again. How are the dear children?"

"They're just fine, Mr. Blenkinsop," Mrs. Jones turned to the president. "You must know Mr. Blenkinsop," she said. "You're both in the same business."

"I've never had the honor, sir," said Mr. Blenkinsop, "but I'm manager of the Mimico branch of the Bank of Upper Canada. When we learnt what a magnificent show you were putting on for one of my old customers the president felt I ought to pay my respects."

Jonathan Spalding received Mr. Blenkinsop's utterly discreet wink and held out his hand. "It was kind of you," he said, "to come and make sure that Mrs. Jones really is your old customer. There are so many Joneses about, it would be easy to make a mistake."

"No mistake at all, I assure you, sir." "Then I trust you will join us for luncheon and share in our celebration."

"With pleasure, sir—up to a point." "Oh Mr. Stagg!" Jonathan Spalding called out. Charley Stagg trotted over to his president. "This is Mr. Blenkinsop of the Bank of Upper Canada, a good friend of Mrs. Jones. Please see that he has a place at the head table."

The party dissolved; those invited to luncheon and those not invited went their separate ways.

The meal, itself, passed off happily, and, as the last *pêche Melba* was consumed, the President of the Bank of Lower Canada rose to speak. He began by welcoming Mrs. Jones and her family, "such well brought up children in an age when good manners are increasingly rare." He then welcomed the ministerial and other dignitaries. "And we are especially gratified," he said, "to have among us the representative of our great but friendly rival, our fellow institution you might say, the Bank of Upper Canada."

"That's not in the script you gave me," the newspaperman next to him muttered to Charley Stagg.

"Nothing is," Charley managed to reply.

"His presence here today," went on the president, "symbolizes the real theme of my remarks. You will see and hear a lot of the competition of the chartered banks, and such competition is good. It improves service and keeps us bankers on our toes." Standing spare and straight, he looked around him, allowing his glance to rest on the general manager. "Some of us perhaps need a little such exercise." The guests chuckled appreciatively. "But," he added in louder tones, "that does not alter the fundamental fact, which is this—united we stand, divided we fall."

For the rest of his ten minutes the president spoke of the Canadian banking system and its devotion to the people of Canada, the families of Canada so charmingly, so gallantly represented by Mrs. Jones and her children. Today, he said, we may have two million accounts—he lingered on the word—tomorrow it will be the turn of the Bank of Upper Canada. But this is unimportant. What matters is our service to our fellow citizens, the century-long traditions we both revere.

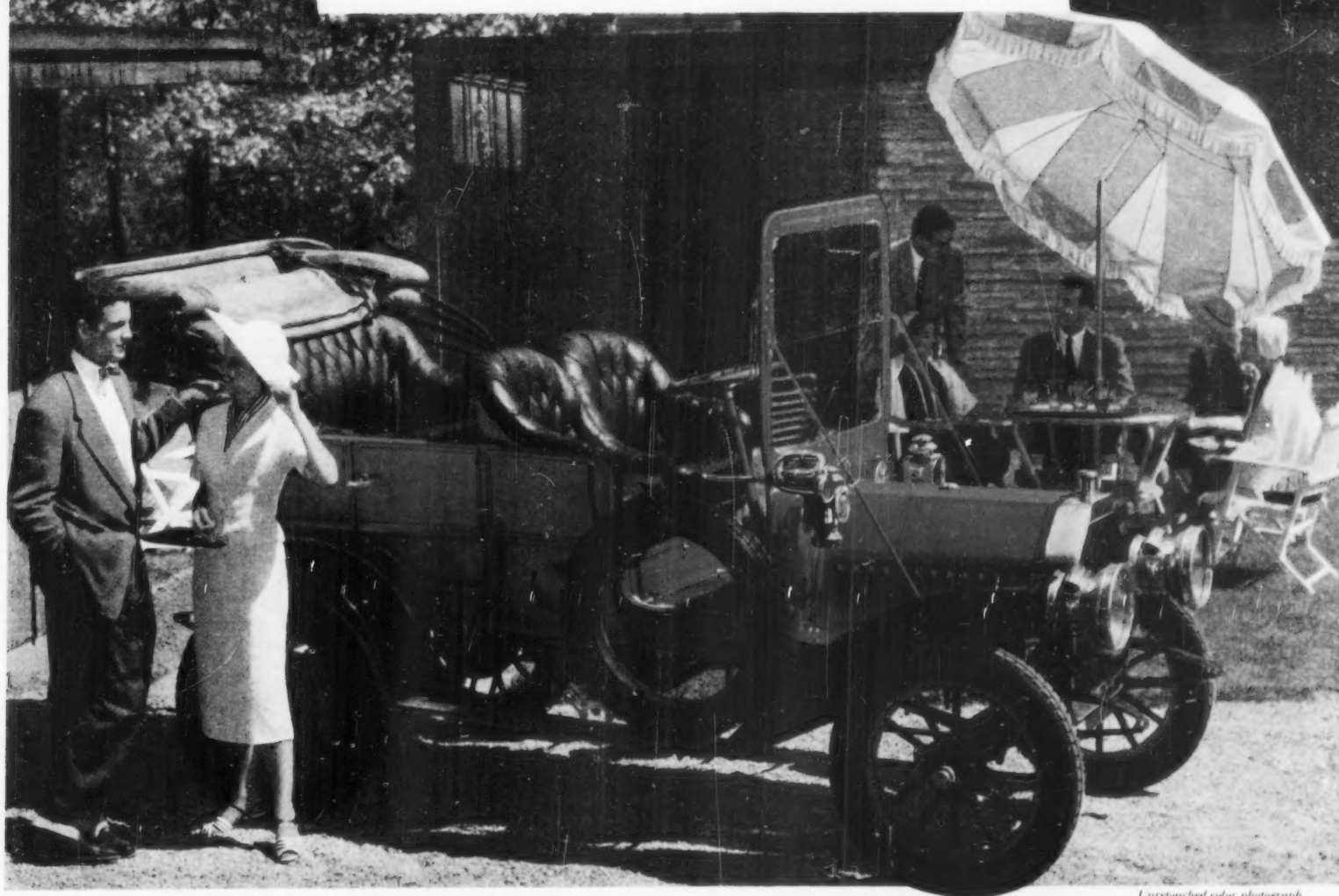
"No," he concluded, "I do not want you to regard this ceremony we have organized as in any way glorifying the Bank of Lower Canada. I do not want you to regard this lovely lady as representing any achievement peculiar to us. Mrs. Jones and her family stand for all those good people of Canada whom its chartered banks are proud, are honored to serve."

As acclamation shook the room Mr. Spalding returned his wink to Mr. Blenkinsop.

The Jones' visit to Montreal lasted three days and Mr. Spalding acted as personal attendant throughout. He greeted them at breakfast, he tucked the children in bed at night. He was present at each ceremony, even the toy presentation in Seaton's, each official photograph, each excuse for speech-making. He waved them *bon voyage* from Windsor Station.

Driving home in his bank president's limousine, weary relief was tinged with achievement. Careless idiots, he thought, they can't do without me, I got them out of that mess. He envisaged with horror what might have happened if he had not been there to meet—with diplomacy—the challenge of Mr. Blenkinsop. Generations of dignified service could have been swept away in a nationwide gale of coarse guffaws. Yes, he mused, I must stay on as long as I can—and then, with pleasant reminiscence, but she was a fine figure of a woman. ★

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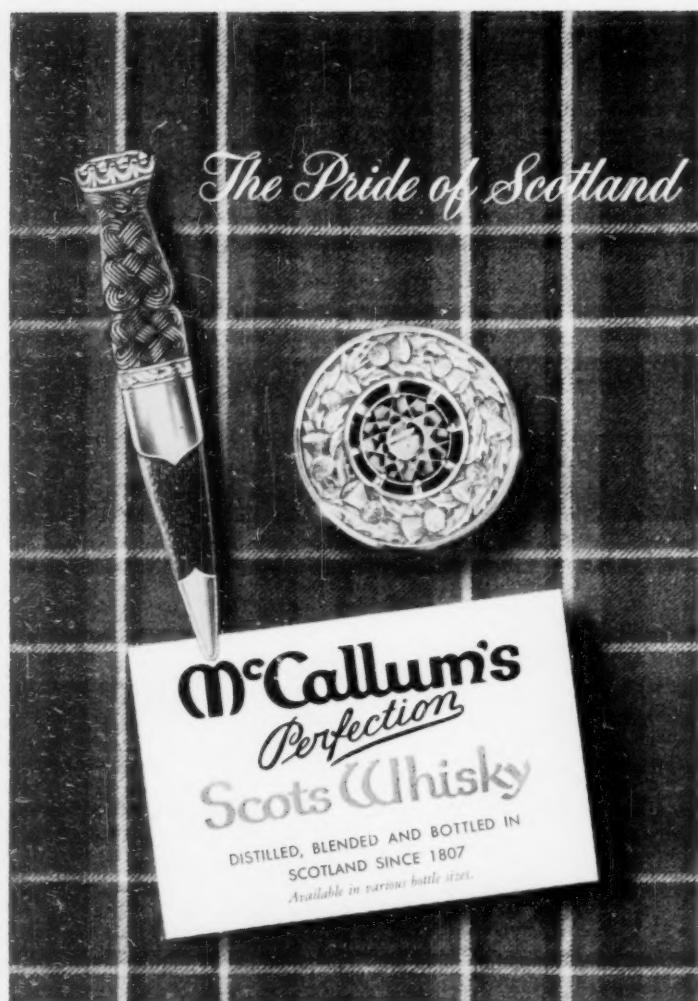
as self-starters, all-steel construction, high-compression engines, independent suspension, automatic transmissions, power steering, heaters, defrosters, and the hundred and one driving conveniences lacking in the car of 1908.

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A Day in an Anglican Convent

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

reading of the day—fifteen minutes of the Bible and a half hour of some other spiritual reading.

Most of the nuns have read the biography of Hannah Grier Coome, the widow from Belleville, Ont., who founded the order of St. John the Divine in Toronto in 1884. Mrs. Coome lived most of her married life in England and when she was widowed she decided to return to England and enter a convent. She was persuaded to found a convent in Toronto instead. The first mother house was a renovated stable on Robinson Street furnished with three beds (one novice accompanied her and another was expected), a few chairs, a table, a dishpan, some dishes and a coal scuttle. The Mother Foundress dined on her first night by the light of candles stuck into the necks of bottles.

In spite of this beginning Sister Hannah soon spread a network of good works over the neighborhood—meals for the poor, a dispensary for the sick, Bible classes for the young. Her work won her friends and donations. Toronto Orangemen who suspected her of being a Roman Catholic influence on Protestantism at first threatened to burn down the convent; they changed their minds and gave her the collection from their next meeting. Horses reared at the sight of Sister Hannah in her black habit and once a man shoveling snow shook his fist at her dark figure as she passed and shouted "God is LIGHT!"

Nuns wear black as a symbol of widowhood, since a spiritual marriage to Christ is part of the ritual of profession. Every nun wears a gold wedding band inscribed *Delectus meus mihi et ego illi*—My Beloved is Mine and I am His.

In 1889 the order moved to Major Street in downtown Toronto. More than sixty years later a new home was needed when it was found that the Major Street buildings didn't conform to fire regulations. The Sisters' slim building fund bought their present twenty-two-acre property. Sale of the old convent and of some of their acreage to home-builders raised funds to enlarge the home on the property. Still needed are a chapel, an infirmary for the order's many aged nuns and a guest house for lay retreats. This autumn the nuns are appealing to the public for funds for these projects.

In the middle of the afternoon at the convent the period of Lesser Silence ends and the work period resumes.

"Do you suppose we could persuade the Sister who arranges the house flowers to put a bouquet on this small table?" a nun comments to another nun in the hall, delicately avoiding any names.

"I did mention it to her yesterday," the other offers apologetically.

"I know why she doesn't want to do it," retorts the first nun. "It's because she has to mop the hall and that makes something extra to move. Well, I used to mop the hall myself and I never minded moving an extra piece."

In her office across the hall the Mother Superior sighs sadly. "We bring our human nature with us when we become Sisters," she observes gently. "The devil makes it his business to be more active in a convent where people are trying to give their best to God. Many are called, but few are chosen."

The Mother Superior of the order of St. John the Divine is English-born,

a delicate woman with beautiful eyes and a shy manner. She was elected Mother by the nuns in 1945 and re-elected five years later. She is a modern nun, using airplanes to travel whenever the trip is urgent and she has permitted television and a movie in the convent on two special occasions.

The television was brought in for Coronation Day because of the religious nature of the ceremony, and the nuns were awestruck. The movie, a Technicolor short called *The Power Within*, about Church of England missions, was shown in the convent basement.

The Mother Superior often spends her afternoons interviewing women who want to enter the convent. Her decision in these cases is not made hurriedly. No one motivated by grief or frustration is ever considered. "We don't want maladjusted, unhappy women," she explains. "Much of our work is dealing with such problems and we cannot have our Sisters anything but normal."

Since complete submission is a requisite for a Sister, the Mother applies an odd test to all applicants. A graduate nurse who wanted to be admitted as a nursing Sister was asked: "If you were not permitted to be a nurse would you be willing to wash dishes and do housework?" "Well," answered the nurse, "maybe for a while, but I was hoping I could be a nursing Sister." Her application was turned down.

Each Year, A Month Off

Few women, in spite of moments of fervent longing for a convent life during some domestic melee of whining children, stained rugs, laundry hanging in the rain and irritable husbands, could tolerate the mystical selfless life of a professed nun.

For it is a hard life, if a tranquil one. The Sisters must find a place in their day's tasks of cooking, washing, sewing, nursing, doing social-service work, gardening and cleaning, for four and a half hours of prayer, meditation and reverent reading. The twofold demand on their time exhausts them. There is a constant flow of spent nuns coming home to the mother house for a rest. Every nun gets a month's rest each year. The Mother decides how each Sister may spend it; sometimes they are allowed to stay with their families; most go to the order's cottage at Port Sydney on Georgian Bay, where they enjoy rowing their flat-bottomed boat and bathing in modest suits—a modern concession.

There is a growing concern in the Mother Superior because a career of serving Christ has diminishing appeal in the modern world and there are not enough nuns in the order to maintain all the branch houses.

Three to five postulants enter the convent every year and only one in three perseveres to become a nun. The order needs twice as many postulants, but restless postwar life is yielding few nuns. The Sisters have observed another disturbing trend: More nuns are leaving convents now than ever before in history. "English, Eastern and Roman orders all over the world have noticed this change," Sister Francesca once observed to a visitor. "The tradition of staying with things is passing. Few people any more have any real dedication to their jobs." The nuns, however, regard this as a passing peculiarity of the times.

The existence of a nun is perhaps the strangest way of life for a woman. Some nuns compare it to marriage in that it is a lifelong dedication; others compare it to dying and being reborn, since a nun makes her will when she is professed and gives away all her

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possessions, usually to the convent. She renounces more than her right to wear lipstick and gay dresses: she gives up her right to make her own decisions, to have a positive personality, to read and speak independently, to bear a child, to own anything. In return she receives a tranquil feeling of belonging in a special sense to God, of freedom from bickering and insecurity.

Most of the women who become nuns in this Anglican order come from average-income homes but a few have known great luxury and a few have known hunger. Three nuns are colored; one of these comes from Jamaica.

A nun may not take her vows until she is twenty-five, after six months as a postulant and three years as a novice. Postulants must be more than twenty-one or have the written consent of their parents. Women over thirty-five are rarely admitted.

The novices are instructed by Sister Barbara, the novice mistress and a woman of unusual grace. At the end of the novitiate admission into the order is voted on by all the nuns in a secret ballot. Sometimes a novice is refused on the advice of the convent's neurologist, who advises the Mother Superior on the state of the novice's nerves. He also acts as an adviser on the well-being of the nuns. Once he suggested a certain nun leave religious life and the other Sisters voted unanimously to release her from the convent because they felt she had become a religious fanatic.

But there is no way in which a nun can be released from her vows, which are made to God. Therefore the Mother takes great care in admitting postulants. They are encouraged to read Monica Baldwin's story of her experiences in a convent, *I Leap Over the Wall*, and they are told of the nuns who have left the order, in order to avoid possible tragic mistakes.

At five o'clock the Mother Superior puts her correspondence away in a steel filing cabinet surmounted by a crucifix and joins the nuns in the chapel for vespers, a song service at which incense is burned. This is the busiest time of the day for most women—hurrying home from the office to clean an apartment and cook a meal, spooning cereal into a baby while the potatoes boil over, bathing a collection of splashing children as the company rings the front doorbell. The nuns raise their faces and sing "Alleluia."

Supper at the convent is usually eggs or cheese or bacon strips, with bread and butter, whole tomatoes and fruit for dessert. Afterward the nuns gather outside on the flagstone terrace for the recreation period, bringing with them their mending and crochet. They keep a family feeling by having one general conversation rather than several cliques, so nothing of a personal nature is ever discussed. The nuns exchange news from the branch houses and on the health of absent Sisters.

After recreation the Sisters go back to the chapel in the gathering dusk to prepare their meditation for the next day. At nine o'clock they say the final office of the day. It is now dark outside and the period of Greater Silence has begun. The nuns' long garments whisper as they go into the darkened refectory for a biscuit and a glass of milk. They wash their glasses in the sink and smile and nod at one another. By nine-thirty the lights in the cells begin to wink out. Across the board fence that separates the convent grounds from the bungalows comes the sound of a lawn mower, of a car door slamming, of a woman's voice impatiently calling her children, of a teenager's shrill giggle. Then the cells are dark. ★

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"Bosh!" some will say. "Christ offered Himself on the cross once and for all. Nothing more is necessary." But wait! Jesus clearly indicated at the Last Supper that more *is* necessary. For after separately changing bread and wine into His Own body and blood...signifying the coming surrender of His life on the cross...Christ commanded the Apostles: "Do this in remembrance of me."

He was, obviously, instituting a continuing sacrifice in which Christians of every generation might join with Him in the most pleasing act of worship that can be offered to God. In this, as in other ways, the Apostles were to act as Christ's earthly ministers...as priests in the external offering of the sacrifice. And when they followed Christ's instructions, Our Lord would offer Himself in sacrifice—the victim would be present as He promised.

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recite the very words Christ used at the Last Supper. And when this is done, Christ is present on the altar—offering Himself as He had promised, "for the remission of sins." If this were not true, "Do this in remembrance of me" would be empty and meaningless words, which is inconceivable.

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Backstage at Ottawa CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

trailing party happened to be the party in power this gave opportunity for all sorts of drastic measures. In D'Arcy McGee's riding, for example, there were serious riots on the second day of voting.

Ballots were also unheard-of in 1867. New Brunswick had a system which passed for secret voting—each elector wrote the name of his chosen candidate on a piece of paper and handed it to the returning officer—but there were none of the present safeguards against bribery, intimidation and fraud. In the other three provinces the elector made his choice by simple oral declaration to the returning officer.

Opposition members clamored for a secret ballot but Sir John A. Macdonald ignored them. Both simultaneous voting and the secret ballot were "un-British," he said. Norman Ward quotes another party man as giving a more credible and candid explanation of the government's refusal.

"Elections cannot be carried on without money," this unnamed person said, "and under an open system of voting you can readily ascertain whether or not the voter has deceived you."

Bribery of voters was indeed a commonplace in those unregenerate days. One of the judges in an early contestation case asked a question which needed no answer: "Is not bribery the very cornerstone of party government?"

In 1867, though, it was only one of several ways in which the election could be manipulated. Another was the appointment of party wheelhorses as election officials.

Section 42 of the British North America Act authorized the Macdonald Government to "cause writs to be issued by such persons, in such form, addressed to such Returning Officers" as it might think fit. It thought fit to appoint partisans so zealously loyal that some of them declared Government candidates elected who had in fact been defeated; disfranchised several counties by objecting to their voting lists for technical reasons and reinstated on the voters' list names which had been struck off by a judge as a result of judicial proceedings. At least one returning officer was appointed on condition that he refrain from running as a candidate.

In the Eighties, under one of the early election acts, Government strategists made appointments of the opposite kind with identical motives. Election officials were not allowed to vote. Under the law any citizen who refused to serve as an election official on request could be fined ten pounds. Edward Blake, the Liberal Party leader, complained that the Conservatives deliberately appointed Liberals as poll clerks to disfranchise them, and the Liberal Party had to pay ten pounds apiece to get them back into active politics.

Canada in those days was not a democracy and had no intention of becoming one. Indeed the very word "democracy" had the same connotation among solid respectable businessmen that the word "socialism" has now. Sir John Macdonald's correspondence, and his conversation as recorded by his biographer Sir Joseph Pope, bristle with hostile references to the "rampant democracy" of the United States which he was determined to keep out of Canada.

The franchise in Canada was limited to propertied men who had "a stake in the country." By modern standards the required "stake" looks small enough to include practically everybody—males who owned, occupied or rented real property assessed at three hundred dollars or worth thirty a year could vote in the cities and towns of Quebec and Ontario. The rules in other provinces differed only slightly. In fact, however, even this rather coarse screen was enough to exclude a large fraction of Canadians from the voters' list.

Norman Ward made sample computations of several counties in each of the four original provinces, and on the basis of that sample projected the following table for individual ridings in 1867:

	average no. of electors	average popu- lation	per- centage
Ontario	3,164	19,184	16.5
Quebec	2,836	17,656	16.1
Nova Scotia	3,206	22,856	14
N. Brunswick	2,833	18,616	15

APPARENTLY the only thing that hasn't changed very much is the political campaign. Contemporary accounts of 1867 sound very like 1953.

Sir George Ross, whose book, *Getting Into Parliament And After*, is one of the most amusing of our political memoirs, recalls the campaign of 1867 as "a complot of Dominion and local issues, both very indefinite and more speculative than real."

Apparently the Macdonald Government and its adherents had illusions of Divine Right, too. Sir William McDougall, the ex-Liberal who had remained in the Macdonald cabinet after the breakup of the Confederation coalition, argued in young George Ross' hearing that it was a duty to the Queen to support this government she had appointed. He was speaking in the Ontario riding of Alexander Mackenzie, later to be the first Liberal prime minister of Canada, and he went so far as to suggest that Mackenzie was "disloyal" in opposing the Queen's government.

Ross tells how Mackenzie, in his rasping Scottish burr, replied to this foul imputation and laid his enemy low:

"What, me disloyal? Have I not worn the Queen's uniform? Loyalty to the Queen is a noble sentiment which all true Liberals share, but"—and he turned a baleful eye on McDougall—"loyalty to the Queen does not require a man to bow down before her manservant, her maidservant, her ox or her ass." ★

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MAILBAG



IN MEMORY OF A MODEST GENIUS

Trent Frayne's article on Tom Thomson (The Rebel Painter of the Pine Woods, July 1) is a fine tribute to a great artist, a true picture of the friendly modest genius who was quite unconcerned about either fame or fortune. Thomson and I shared a studio throughout 1914 in the newly completed studio building referred to in the article. The shack in the rear that Thomson later occupied was there long before. I believe it was the workshop of Mr. Dodginton, a cabinet maker. Thomson did a lot of repair work on it and made it quite snug. Most of his fine canvases were painted there. —A. Y. Jackson, Toronto.

● Articles of this type have a tremendous educational value. Frayne was able to inject into his presentation the relentless, creative driving force in Thomson's personality. This, coupled with his uncanny understanding of nature, is undoubtedly the predominant factor in giving his paintings the vitality and vigor which literally makes them come alive. —Harvey Caulfield, Mount Forest, Ont.

A Poem for a Pioneer

Congratulations on Charles Bruce's poem, The Settler (July 1). My pioneering was done in the bush of north Saskatchewan but the thoughts expressed in the poem are mine as, indeed, they must be of many others. —Hartley Prichard, Runciman, Sask.

Fascinating Torture

"Superb" is the only word for part one of The Corpse That Hoaxed The Axis (June 15). Three cheers to writer



Ivor Montagu and Maclean's for such a fascinating article. It will be torture waiting for part two. —R. Warren Ellis, Woodstock, N.B.

Callwood's Curtain Call

Three cheers and bouquets for June Callwood's The Met Cashes In In Canada (June 1). One of the best articles I've read in a long time, as I happen to be a lover of the classics, especially opera. —Muriel Hicks, Hamilton, Man.

Would the Judge Approve?

I congratulate you on your excellent article, His Clients Never Hang, by Max Rosenfeld (July 1). My father-in-law was the late Judge McLean of Picton—I only wish that he could have read it. —Mrs. Evan Hamilton McLean, Toronto.

Mail for a New Canadian

Just exactly who is this character Algot Ostling, of Vancouver (Mailbag, July 15), who calls himself a "new Canadian" and starts blasting other people as soon as he gets here? And where does he get his egoism? All he really needs is a swift kick in the pants for writing such tripe and Maclean's needs another for publishing it. I am an English-born Canadian, Mr. Ostling, whether you like it or not; if you do not like the English in Canada you may go back to Scandinavia, where the greater majority are socialists or semi-Communists. —W. C. Jeffery, Weyburn, Sask.

● Algot Ostling's attitude seems to justify the fear of many "Old Canadians" that we are moving too swiftly in giving our citizenship to people who neither understand the contribution



which has been made to Canada by descendants of the French and British pioneers nor wish to learn about it. —Olive M. Delahaye, Ottawa.

● If Algot Ostling is so against the English why come to a Commonwealth country? I was born in Holland, am now a Canadian citizen, so he cannot blame my pro-English bias on my descent. —Hermina van den Bergh, Detroit.

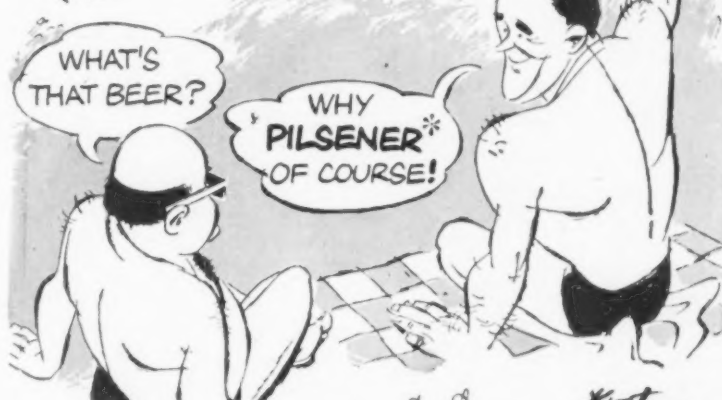
Somebody Loves Us

Maclean's is the most interesting magazine published today. I also subscribe to several American magazines in which I read the cartoons and perhaps an occasional article, but I rarely miss any article in Maclean's. No Canadian should fail to read Maclean's and it ought to be prescribed reading for all in other lands who seek to know the Canadian mind. —Rev. Minton C. Johnston, Toronto.

Plan for the Polish Treasures

The following sentence from the article, Who Is Going To Get The Polish Art Treasures? by McKenzie Porter (July 15)—"Some of the treasures belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, some to Polish noblemen and some to the nation"—seems to hold the obvious and fair solution to the problem. Return the articles to the Polish nation, the Church and the Polish noblemen or their legal heirs, respectively. That is, if the present status quo in Poland will guarantee the bona fide execution of this procedure. —F. Scherer, Grand Forks, B.C. ★

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61.00
2.10
3.04
1,036.00
211.00
4,248.00
624.00
755.02
236.34
811.20
6,401.40
300.82
6.00



DURING the tryouts for minor roles in last month's Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont., a scene in Richard III called for star Alec Guinness to strike and knock down another actor. But while Guinness is about five feet, ten inches tall, the extra was a towering six-foot-four and the effect was ludicrous.

A shorter bit player was assigned to the role and the hefty young man received another part. Later, Guinness took the tall lad aside and remarked apologetically, "I'm sorry about this. But one of us had to go."

A young Toronto businessman prides himself on his ability to strike shrewd bargains but experience has



taught his wife to regard his big deals with scepticism. One night he came home in glee. A large hotel that was going out of business had held an auction and he'd passed by just in time to snap up a two-hundred-piece dinner set for two dollars and fifty cents.

"Two hundred pieces for two-fifty?" said his wife doubtfully.

"Yes," smirked the husband. "I was the only one who bid and I got it."

A week later two truckers delivered a large crate. The housewife, by now a bit excited in spite of herself, ripped it open and revealed her bargain "dinner set"—two hundred identical gravy boats.

Although the federal election is over, faces are still red around Prince Albert, Sask. At the height of the campaign an advertisement in the Shellbrook, Sask., Chronicle publicized the fact that Conservative MP, John Diefenbaker, would attend a tea in Sturgeon Valley hall. Then—no one quite knows how it happened—the ad ended with "Authorized by Prince Albert CCF Executive."

After Sunday-school class at Gaetz Memorial United Church, in Red Deer, Alta., one cold day last winter, the harassed teacher herded her noisy charges into the cloakroom and helped them into their coats and rubbers. After a hard tussle with a broken zipper, she'd just squeezed one small boy into an under-sized

snowsuit when he announced, "Teacher, this isn't my snowsuit."

Teacher grappled with the balky zipper again, tugged and heaved, peeled him out of the suit and sat back in triumph, when he added absently, "It isn't my snowsuit but it's my sister's and it's too small for her so I have to wear it."

The primary-school class in Regina was industriously cutting out magazine pictures to be pasted on a brown-paper wall mural when the teacher was called from the room.

Before leaving she told her pupils, "When you've finished cutting out your pictures you may get down on the floor to paste them."

She returned a half hour later and found they'd carried out her instructions to the letter. The pictures were pasted securely to the floor.

A Montrealer strolling down St. Catherine Street noticed a well-dressed elderly man picking cigar butts from the gutter, studying them and occasionally slipping one in his pocket. He was obviously not a tramp so the puzzled Montrealer offered him a fresh cigar.

The butt-picker looked startled. "No thanks, I don't smoke," he said. "I collect the biggest butts and boil them. Then I sprinkle the juice on my roses. Beats all the commercial insect sprays on the market!"

A Fort William, Ont., man drove furiously to the city fire hall, sprang



out of the car and called frantically for a hose. He'd dropped a lighted cigarette down the back of the seat.

Firemen obligingly put out two fires—one in the upholstery, one in the seat of the motorist's trousers.

The pastor of a church in Indian Head, Sask., went on vacation and arranged for a substitute to take over during his absence. Topic for the temporary minister's first sermon was: Satan Takes a Holiday.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



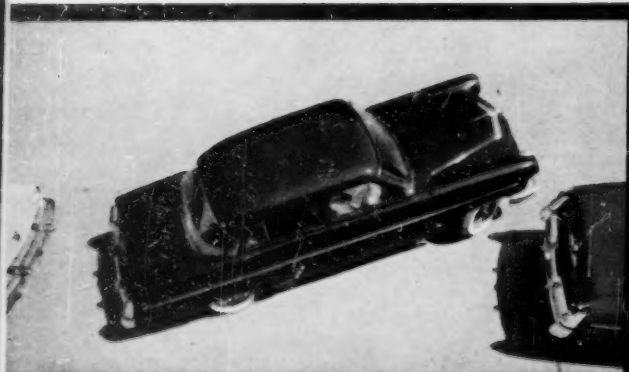
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